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WRESTLING

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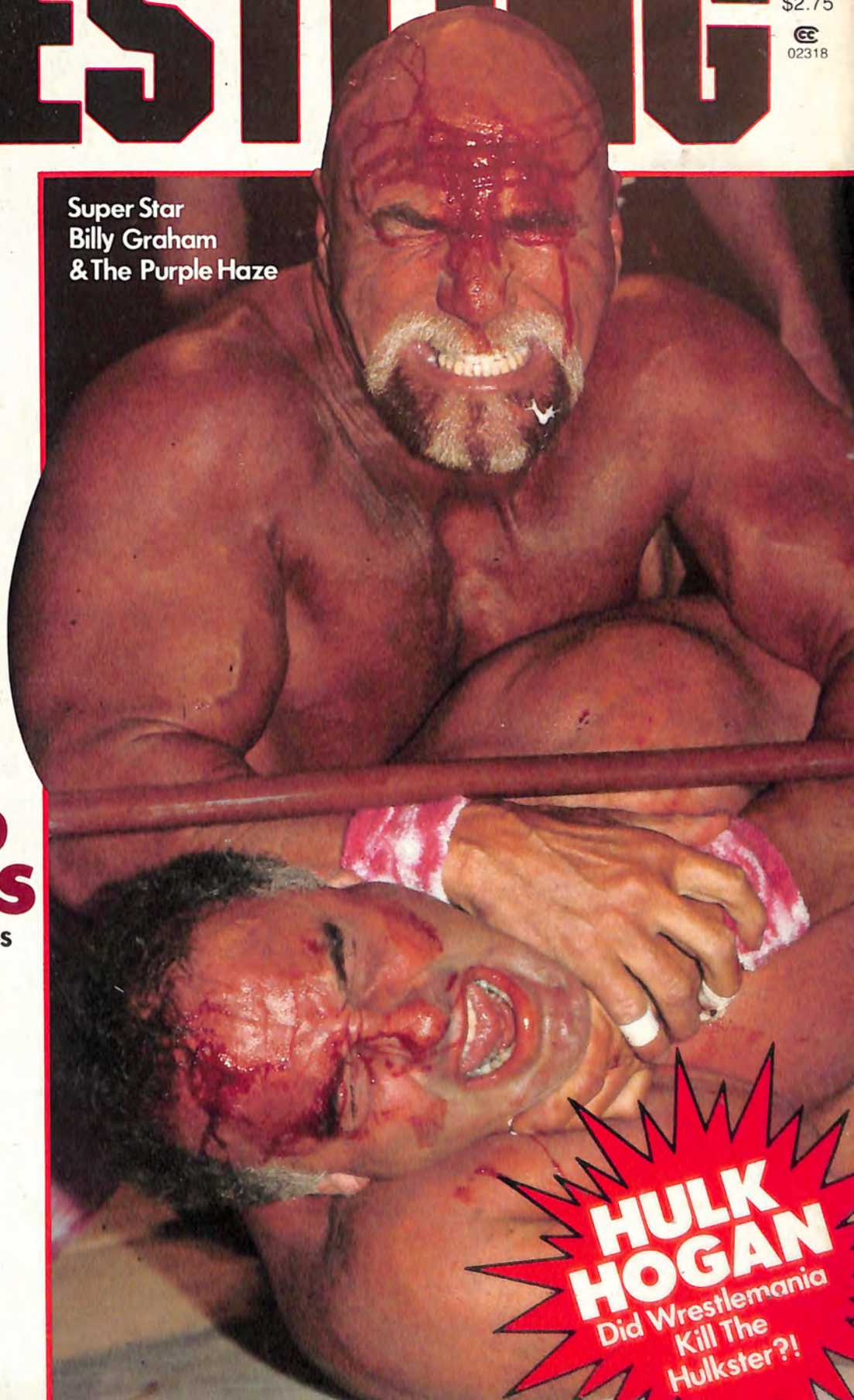
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**HULK
HOGAN**
Did Wrestlemania
Kill The
Hulkster?!



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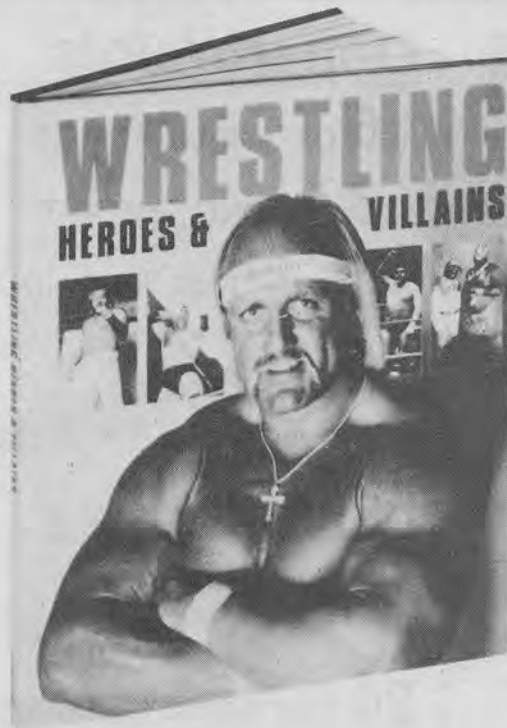
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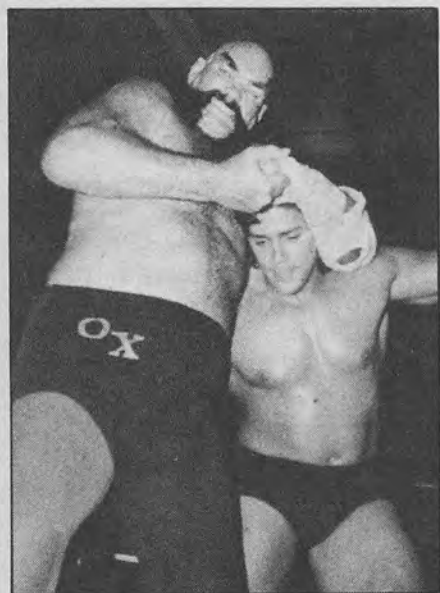
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CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING

November 1986 Volume 3 Number 3



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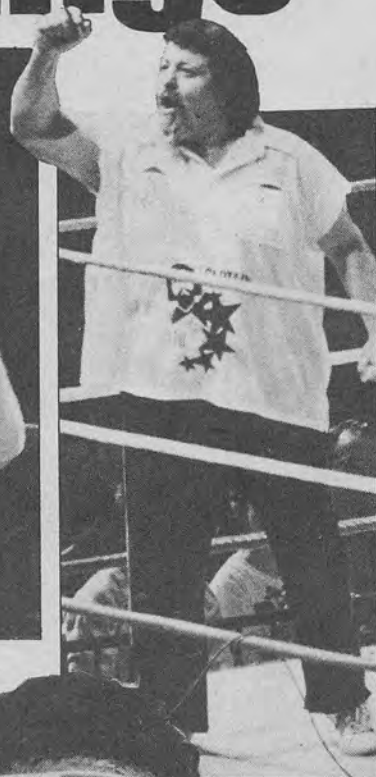
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Championship Wrestling's Official Ratings

W.W.F.

CHAMPION: HULK HOGAN

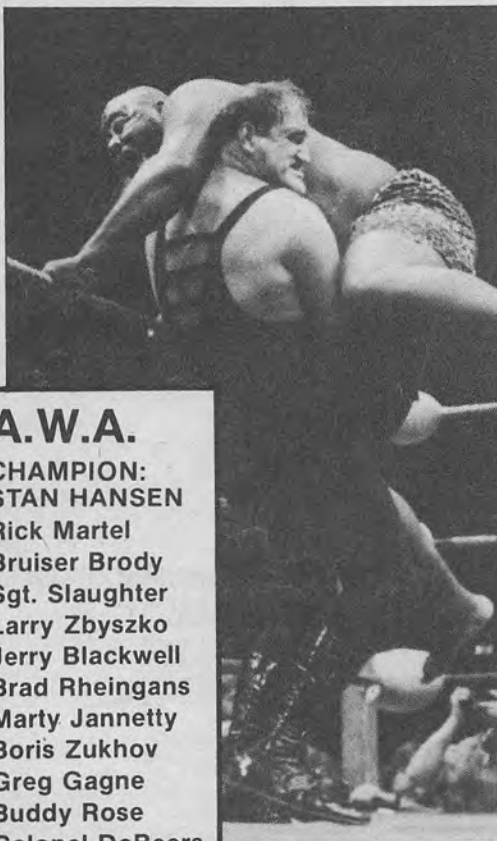
Paul Orndorff
Randy Savage
Don Muraco
Adrian Adonis
King Kong Bundy
Tito Santana
Ricky Steamboat
Hillbilly Jim
Junkyard Dog
Iron Mike Sharpe
Jake "The Snake" Roberts



N.W.A.

CHAMPION: RIC FLAIR

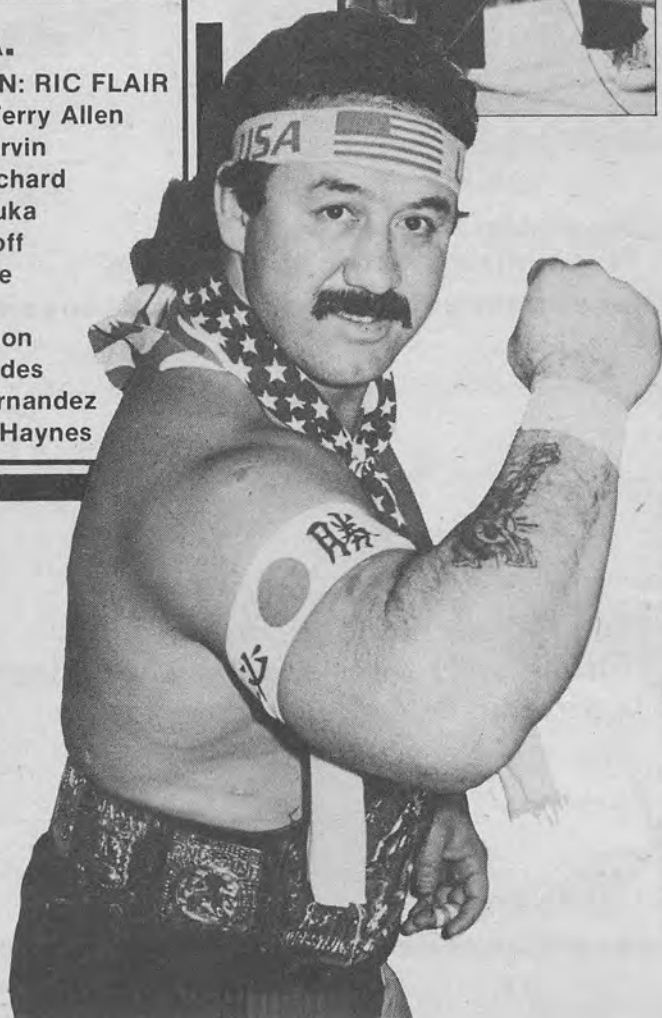
Magnum Terry Allen
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Jimmy Snuka
Nikita Koloff
Tyree Pride
Lex Luger
Carlos Colon
Dusty Rhodes
Manny Hernandez
Billy Jack Haynes

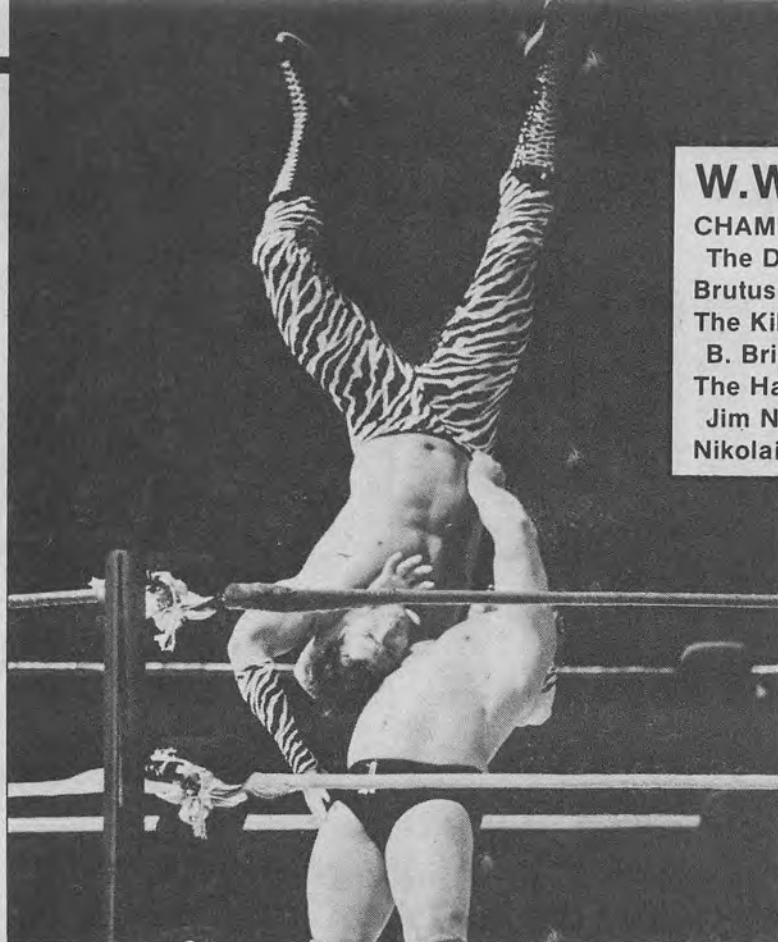


A.W.A.

CHAMPION:
STAN HANSEN

Rick Martel
Bruiser Brody
Sgt. Slaughter
Larry Zbyszko
Jerry Blackwell
Brad Rheingans
Marty Jannetty
Boris Zukhov
Greg Gagne
Buddy Rose
Colonel DeBeers





W.W.F. TAGS

CHAMPS: THE BRITISH BULLDOGS

The Dynamite Kid and Davy Boy Smith
Brutus Beefcake and Greg Valentine

The Killer Bees

B. Brian Blair and Jim Brunzell

The Hart Foundation

Jim Neidhart and Bret Hart

Nikolai Volkoff and The Sheik

WOMEN

The Fabulous Moolah

Candi Divine

Judy Martin

Winonah Littleheart

Lady Maxine

N.W.A. TAGS

CHAMPS: THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

Dennis Condrey and Bobby Eaton

The Rock 'n' Roll Express

Rob Gibson and Ricky Morton

Wahoo McDaniel and Billy Jack Haynes

The Road Warriors

Animal and Hawk

The Minnesota Wrecking Crew

Ole and Arn Anderson

MOST POPULAR

Hulk Hogan

Magnum Terry Allen

Jimmy Snuka

Dusty Rhodes

Sgt. Slaughter

MOST HATED

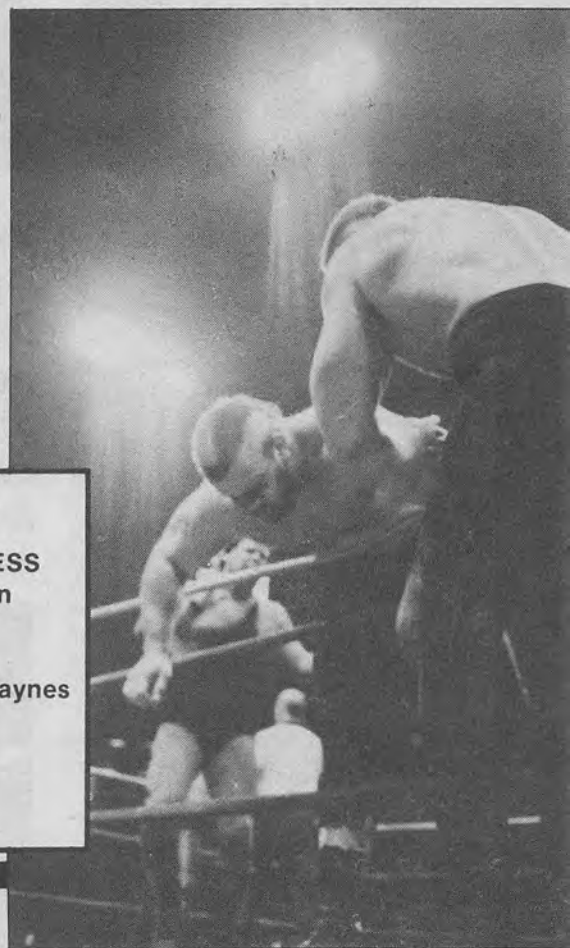
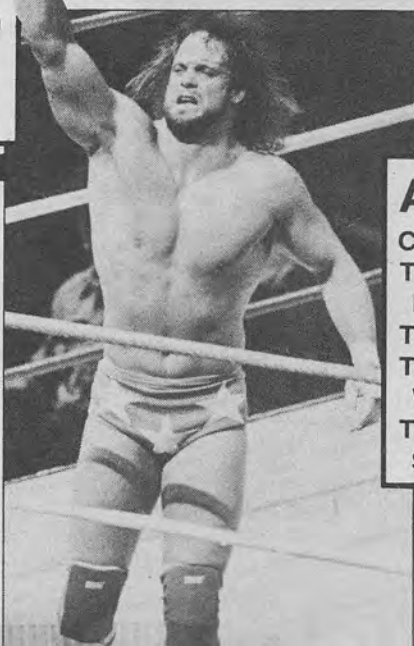
Ric Flair

Randy Savage

Bruiser Brody

Roddy Piper

Tully Blanchard



A.W.A. TAGS

CHAMPS: SCOTT HALL and CURT HENNIG

The Midnight Rockers

Marty Jannetty and Sean Michaels

The Mongolian Stomper and The Barbarian

The Long Riders

Wild Bill and Scott Hogg Irwin

The Max Brothers

Super Max and Mad Max

Championship Wrestling's

AROUND THE MAT



By Virginia
'Ginger Snaps' Bowes

Welcome, each and every one, to another hot-off-the-press issue of Championship Wrestling.

We sure have lots to talk about this time around. So, without any further idle chitchat, we'll get things rolling with the news we know you'll be most anxious to hear: We've just gotten word from your (and our) very favorite W.W.F. defectors Bob Backlund and Jimmy Snuka, both of whom will forever hold highest honors in ours, the greatest sport of all.

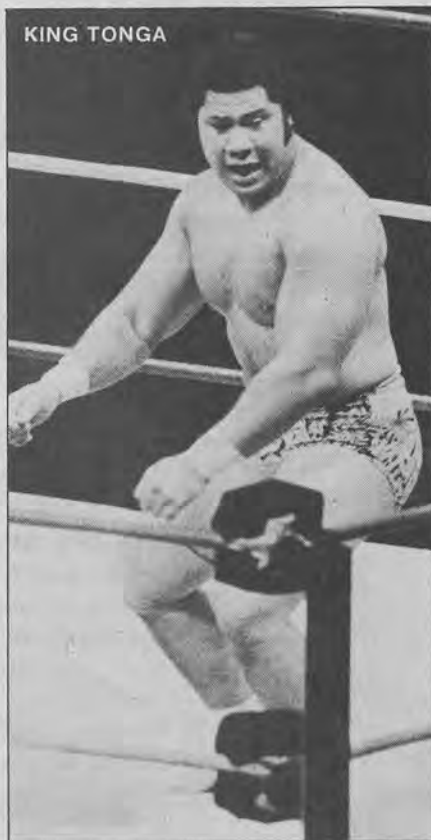
Bob wants you to know that he is feeling fit as a fiddle, fairly happy (...considering...) and has never forgotten his many, many fans.

But the man who held Titan's number one title through more than five and a half long and incredibly rough years 'til it was literally stolen out from under him one dark, soulless night in New York City some thirty months back, now says he will never again set foot within the squared circle until he is finally granted his rightful chance to win back the coveted championship crown presently sported by Hulk Hogan.

Of course we applaud Bob's characteristically courageous determination to recover the belt he never really lost and therefore is—on both moral and LEGAL grounds—still very much his.

Yet, at the same time we can't help feeling that the road to nowhere young Mr. Backlund has chosen to travel in order to achieve this otherwise commendable goal lends far too much dignity to what, at best, takes top prize as wrestling's sleaziest episode and that, in fact, it leads to an abrupt dead

Off to a flying start, Championship Wrestling revs into high gear with its in-depth report on the latest happenings all around the mat, plus a very special update on everyone's favorites, Bob Backlund and Jimmy Snuka.



end far afield of The Champ's usually classy *modus operandi*.

Can walking away from the profession he says he loves and thereby ignoring the pleas of his legions of loyal supporters who likewise adore him really be in the best interests of either the sport, all those supporters or even (especially!) himself?

Of course not. And doubly so when a healthier, infinitely more productive means of accomplishing justice does exist... if Bob would only see that cutting off his nose to spite his face is not where it's at.

Hold onto your pants for just a sec, and we'll tell you exactly what we mean.

Jimmy Snuka, on the other hand and as we're just so sincerely overjoyed to report, is back to doing proud the profession that hails him as its greatest.

A frequent headliner on cards run by both the N.W.A. and A.W.A. here and a'road and, just recently, a surprise main attraction on many major-league and independently-produced television events being aired is a passel of places across the country, sweet Jimmy is again wielding his utterly unique brand of golden magic all over our land.

Hypnotized . . . mesmerized . . . thoroughly enthralled clear on down to the quick of their hearts, his fans know that there can be only one Superfly.

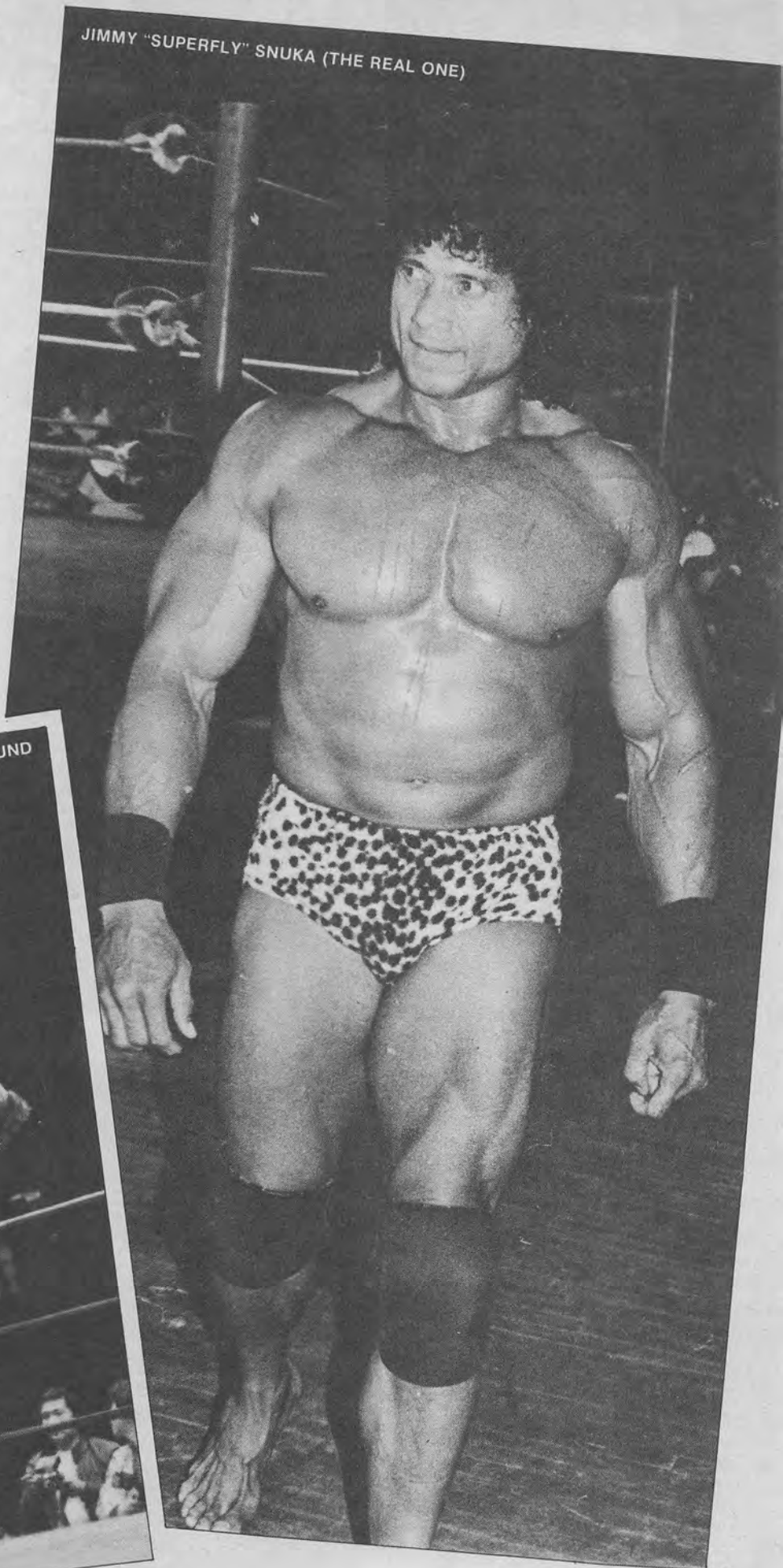
And judging by a recent event, this is exactly how they want to keep it.

Like Bob, Snuka does give daily thanks for his many gifts, among which is counted the unshakable faith of his millions of fans. Yet, Jimmy does not describe himself as feeling 100% happy at this particular point in history.

It seems that Vince McMahon, the World Wrestling Federation's most formidable super-heavyweight by far, came across a young, not very street-smart Polynesian by the name of Afi Siva, who just so happens to bear a slight resemblance to Jimmy Snuka, and was at the time of his encounter with McMahon, happily doing his thing for the N.W.A.'s outstanding office in Hawaii.

Care to take a guess at what happened next? —Right you are! In less time than it takes to say "Uncle Vinnie," McMahon had hustled the confused youngster smack-dab into Titan territory—Madison Square Garden to be precise: A place where the very word "Snuka" is whispered like a prayer—and, dressed up in what by now must be The Official Superfly Disguise, the lad was thrust headlong on the at-first-exaltant throngs with an introduction

JIMMY "SUPERFLY" SNUKA (THE REAL ONE)



BOB BACKLUND





RICKY STEAMBOAT

that momentarily threw the place into a chill of remembered ecstasy: "...FROM THE FIJI ISLANDS...NOW MAKING HIS WAY DOWN THE AISLE...SUPERFLY.....siva."

Then, not two seconds after that, the fans really went wild—though not in the way Vince and crew had hoped: That's how long it took for all present to figure out that a royal screwing was in progress and they, the folks who'd bought tickets to this Garden party, were the screwees or, if you prefer, its intended victims.

Here was the time for stout hearts, thick helmets and breaking out the teargas cannisters.

Bellows of "RIP-OFF, RIP-OFF" set the mighty structure shuddering to its bowels, while impromptu projectiles, fashioned out of whatever wasn't nailed down, sliced through the tense air to find its mark (in the real carny sense of that word) who stood center-ring. We do want you to understand that Siva, like most of the Polynesians we're privileged to know, is a good-hearted, totally honorable person who has in his possession more than enough talent to make it big on his own and certainly without sucking off another man's thunder. Afi was just one more pathetic pawn in the hands of those who know better but couldn't resist another go at again raking in the big bucks that The Superfly's name on a program guarantees...and doing it without having to cut Jimmy in on the high-rolling action to be had.

That these knowledgeable movers and shakers could even consider pulling such a stunt on, of all possible groups, the twenty thousand rugged individualists who hotfoot it into Madison Square—a group no one in his

right mind would ever describe as easy-going or especially up to taking a joke—strikes us strikes us straight between the knees as a shocking lack of regard for the feelings and safety of wrestlers and paying audience alike.

Of course flimsy frauds that look to capitalize on the mystique that is the personal property of Jimmy have been tried before: Let's see, first there was The Tonga Kid, then came Ricky Steamboat and King Tonga. In all, counting Afi Siva, it adds up to four failed bids at fooling the people.

...all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't...

But, considering the near-castastrophe this most recent attempt courted, we doubt very much that anything like it will ever again be tried.



THE TONGA KID

However, that what came down on first Bobby and now Jimmy could occur even once is one time too many.

Small wonder, or no wonder at all, that both gentlemen are trying to beat each other out for top spot on the list of those p.-o.'d at The Tyrant of Titan (a long list to which you can now add the folks over at Championship Wrestling).

What The Superfly, The Champ and quite a few other people need is to be slapped back into reality and made to see one big, very basic fact of life: VINCE MCMAHON IS NOT GOD.

No promoter is.

Because wrestling is, after all's said and done, still a sport, there are athletic commissions, state boards and other, higher courts galore whose sole and whole reason for existence is to safeguard the concept of clean sportsmanship. Anyone, McMahon included, can say anything he wants but, when pitted against these august governing bodies, the word of a mere promoter doesn't count for squat.

The dastardly injustices dealt Bob and Jimmy had their illegitimate beginnings in Madison Square Garden which, last we heard, was still very much a part of New York. Considering the premium price fans in this area are forced to fork-out for their wrestling, we'd say the Apple's Athletic Commission is among the most powerful in the country: Whether you know it or you don't, every last referee, commissioner, inspector, judge, announcer, official usher, ticket-taker/seller, timekeeper, along with all the rest in on this government-sponsored soup kitchen—right down to their little tin badges—are paid for by the taxes taken from all the people living in that state and then taken all over again from those same people who attend these officially-sanctioned bashes.

THE SUPERFLY, THE CAPTAIN and THE DOCTOR





And it's about time somebody reminded these so-called civil servants just where their bread is buttered: First and foremost, as prescribed by law, they are duty-bound to protect the made-in-America ideal of fair play—a task easily enough accomplished if they'd but uphold their own rules—so that, instead of gratuitous pandering to the whims of a solitary promoter, these supposed keepers of a sacred public trust could finally do something towards helping the people who pay their salaries (...or at least those "salaries" we know about).

Meanwhile, written right there in the New York State Athletic Commission's book of rules, as plain as day, is a regulation that says no title bout can be held until the doctor in attendance performs an examination and, what's more, delivers a signed document certifying the physical well-being of each participant.

As any eight-year-old sitting in the topmost tier at the huge Garden on that fateful night could tell you, Bob Backlund was in desperate shape BEFORE he entered into the match that (wrongfully—just so wrongfully) ended his tenure as titleholder. Yet, they'd have you believe that a "duly-licensed-physican" actually put his name to a paper pronouncing Backlund fit for combat...which, on the outside chance that such a document does exist, proves only that said doctor is deaf, dumb, blind, nuts, and more than likely on something, to boot.

Then there's the regulation—this one should hold special interest for The Superfly—which forbids all wrestlers from using a name that is the same or DECEPTIVELY SIMILAR to that of any other ring personality.

In these two instances, the Commission's very own rules were blatantly broken...For chrissake, both events

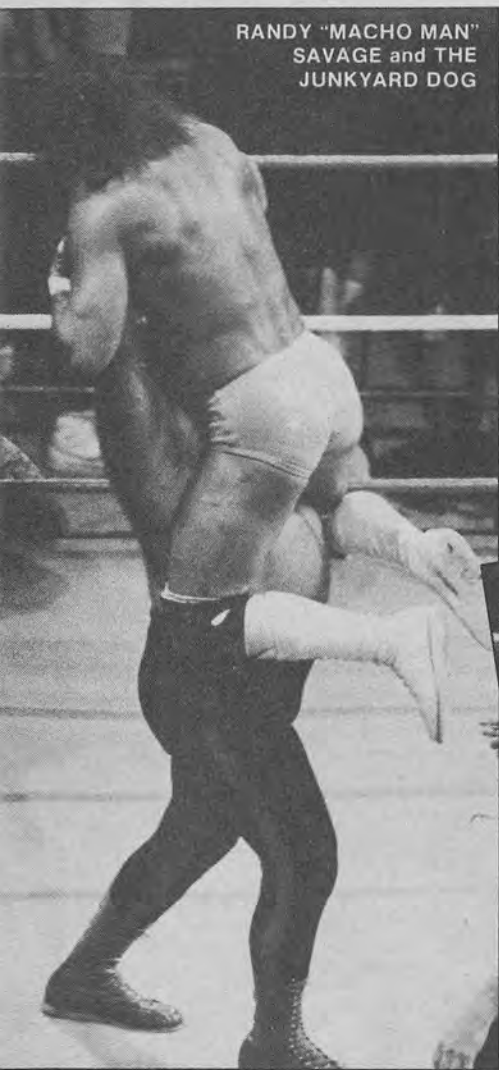
were witnessed by twenty thousand people in person, while countless others caught it on cable... They just don't come any more blatant than that.

And what has the Commission done about either of these cruddy affairs?—Scratched their backsides is what.

So many rules—such an overwhelm of regulations...all full of sound and fury and official noises...but not a one worth the paper it's written on.

Big, basic fact of life #2: The spirit of sportsmanship be damned—money's what makes the world go 'round and, while it can't create a god, it sure as hell gives the near-almighty all the right they need to play it all by their own rules...unless of course The Superfly and The Champ, whose death-defying feats of indomitable bravery are legend, really have all the real guts it would take to make their most lasting contribution to the sport that honors them by forcing both the devil and his

RANDY "MACHO MAN"
SAVAGE and THE
JUNKYARD DOG

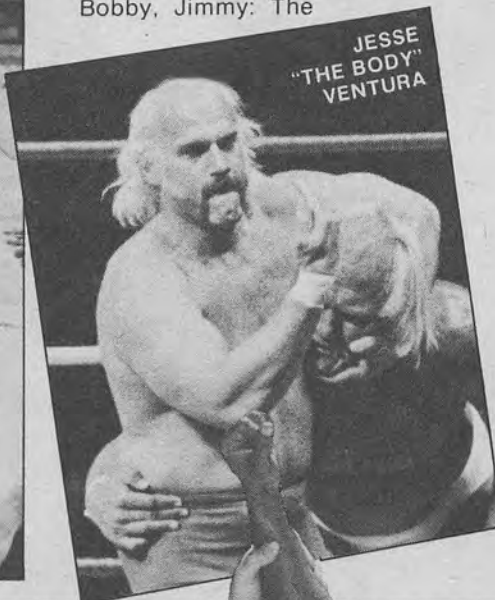


disciples to finally account for all they've done.

Mr. Backlund, Mr. Snuka: We know all about your boundless strengths and skills. But now's the time to show the world what you have going between your ears. The New York State Athletic Commission—which, by the way, is supposed to respond to assaults upon the rights of wrestlers, too—has worked as accomplices in the nefarious misdeeds perpetrated against you two. Aside from doing right by wrestling, it's in your best interests and is now your real responsibility to exact dues for all they've not only allowed to happen but what, by the sin of silence, they have actually encouraged.

Bobby, Jimmy: The

JESSE
"THE BODY"
VENTURA



next move is yours. Make it count. Amen.

Since we've already begun nibbling at the toes of World Wrestling, we might as well head straight for the... Uhh... heart. So, hold on tight as Championship Wrestling brings you its report on the

WWF REPORT

Hulk Hogan is, as they say, The Man. Showing himself to be a lot more up to the title than most everybody (including this writer) thought, The Hulkster has scored himself some surprisingly sophisticated triumphs over a broad array of truly topnotch talent.

Rotten Randy Savage, Rowdy Roddy, King Kong Bundy, Big John Studd, Dory Funk, Jake "The Snake" Roberts, Muraco, Beefcake, as well as the Federation's very own bad fairy-in-residence, Adorable Adrian are all in hungry pursuit, but Hogan is keeping the faith and standing tough in the face of this rat pack throws his way.

As prodigiously impressive as the above all are, Hogan's most formidable challenge right now is coming from the corner of the new guy on the block, Harley Race. Now here's a man with a thing for belts: Race wore the N.W.A.'s band of gold no less than seven times! Meanwhile, under the astute (albeit dewy-eyed) managerial guidance of Elizabeth, Randy Savage is doing his

GEORGE WELLS



reign in high style. Randy has shined his Inter-Continental belt against such heavy-hitters as Lanny Poffo, "Mr. Wonderful" Paul Orndorff, Tito Santana, The Dragon, The Dog, Pedro Morales, George Wells, and Tony "Mr. U.S.A." Atlas.

The British Bulldogs have also been seeing lots of A+ action in defense of their tag titles and have turned back bids from the likes of The Commie and Ol' Camel Breath (sometimes known as Nikolai Volkoff and The Sheik), Muraco and Fuji, The Mouth of the South's entire confabulation, Terry Funk and Dory Jr. (who fans love to greet as "Junior, Junior; Daddy's little pe-tunia"), as well as Bobby "The Brain"



RODDY PIPER and MR. T

Heenan's former tag champs Greg "The Hammer" Valentine and Brutus Beefcake.

But the champs have a new, larger worry looming darkly on the horizon: Seems Jesse "The Body" Ventura has been talking to a good buddy of his about getting together to form a duet designed to do-in Davy Boy and Dynamite.

This friend of Ventura's (Didn't think he had any.) goes by the name of Superstar Billy Graham. And you just might want to spell that S U P E R. The guy's totally awesome.

Come to think of it, Hogan better watch his cookies, too. Billy did hold the Federation's chief title a few years back, and he just might get ideas.

Don't judge a book by its cover or a wrestler on his first couple of months in a new promotion: Matt Borne, George Wells and Paul Christie are wrestlers



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who've proven their worth many times over in other areas. Just give the boys a chance to get their bearings, then be prepared to witness some great grappling.

On the flip side of that coin, brothers Raymond and Jacques Rougeau are really coming into their own and delighting fans with their high-flying antics, while young Jimmy Powers is really setting the mats on fire these days. The kid's got it! Like Ted Arcidi, A.J. Petruzzi and so many others, Jimmy is another successful alumnus of Tony Altomare's wrestling school which operates out of Passariello's Gym in Orange, Connecticut.

Mike Sharpe is one more who's also all of a sudden hitting his stride. Iron man just returned from a few days of r and r in his native Canada.

Among those also planning to play a little hooky during the sultry days and satin nights is Don Muraco. The Magnificent One will be catching some rays on Hawaii's Sunset Beach where, once upon a time, he earned beer money by doing "favors" for the rich female tour-



BLASSIE and THE SHEIK



IRON MIKE SHARPE

ists who flock there for sun and fun.

Ricky Steamboat will also be making it to his native Hawaiian home where he'll be checking out family and friends.

Fred Blassie tells us that he is planning several short trips on his huge yacht. He's especially looking forward to one such sojourn to the Mid East where he'll be meeting up with today's answer to Simon LeGree, Alymar Khadafy. Other people request an audience with the Pope; Fred's vying for an interview with a madman. Who was it said "Everything seeks its own level,"?

Adorable Adrian Adonis will be spending his off hours (But when isn't he "off?") in refurbishing the town-

house he just purchased in New York's Greenwich Village. He gushingly reports that he's just had the whole place painted. Because we're quite sure that a great many of you will want to get him some little something by way of a housewarming gift, we'll let you in on the whole color scheme (Happy to be of service.): The living room is in what Adrian describes as a "sparkly-sunshiny-O-so-gay lemon," the boudoir—which will have a Victorian bed complete with canopy—is a creamy hue of peach, while the bath is strawberry... The guy must really be into fruit: Perfectly mah-vel-us for the skin, you know.

Not to worry: Despite some of what



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Now! Command . . . control . . . dominate any girl with the power of your mind—and your mind alone. Miraculously watch even someone you have just met do exactly what you silently command her to do. Willingly . . . cheerfully . . . quickly!

You can do it because you have unknowingly done it before. Accept my "no-risk, free-trial" offer—and I'll prove it to you!

I would be skeptical if I read an ad like this. But I'd be highly intrigued as you are now.

Being able to master beautiful girls is probably your secret wish. One which you believe could *never* come true.

Well, think again! Your secret wish is about to be granted. Very shortly, you are going to demonstrate that fact with any girl you want. On this exciting occasion, you are going to project a thought command to that girl. Not one word will be uttered by you . . .

**YET THAT BEAUTY IS GOING
TO FOLLOW YOUR SILENT
COMMAND TO THE LETTER
. . . WITHOUT EVER KNOWING
THAT YOU GAVE THE ORDER!**

Only *you* will know why she is acting as your submissive slave. Why her only desire is to please you without objection. Instead of a cold "no", you will hear a warm "Yes. YES!"

Your next test will be even more *unbelievable*! You'll command not just one but four or five gorgeous creatures. This time, you'll mentally project a thought command to this *entire* luscious group.

**AGAIN, WONDROUSLY, THAT
"HAREM" IS GOING TO PERFORM
YOUR SILENT COMMAND
EXACTLY AS YOU WILLED IT!**

Again, they will have absolutely no idea whatsoever that their seemingly voluntary actions are dictated by you. Why should they? You said nothing, made no moves. You stated your desires only one way—*mentally*!

Imagine a crowd of luscious gals doing exactly what you want them to do—when you want them to do it—with no holds barred. A fantasy come true!

But wait! You'll *top* even these astounding results. In the months and years to come, you are going to intensify your mystic ability to dominate girl after girl. Any time you want, with your mind *alone*.

Does all this sound impossible? Not only hard to believe, but hard to achieve? Then get set for a *super-surprise*!

**YOU WILL BELIEVE IT . . .
AND YOU WILL ACHIEVE IT!**

Stop and think for a moment. Skeptics were once dead-certain that the earth was flat. Man reach the Moon? *Impossible*!

You and I know differently. Yesteryears' "never-happens" are stark realities today. So if you still are a skeptic, I'm more than willing to give you the opportunity to make a liar out of me.

Along with the chance to prove me wrong, I'll also give you the "risk-free" chance to prove I'm right . . . plus a *free gift*. Here's my proposal.



I am now releasing an unusual manual on a subject which has fascinated mankind for ages. That subject is *parapsychology*.

It deals with the power of the mind to project thought and communicate with others, outside the body, using *none of the five senses*.

In plain words, this extraordinary technique helps you command, control, and dominate girls solely with your *mind*.

Strangely enough, you may have already done so *without ever realizing it* through your own unconscious, native-born ability. Now, for the very first time, you can perform it *consciously*, upon demand!

I call this technique *SUCCESP*—the science of extra-sensory *persuasion*. Properly used, it permits your thoughts to influence one girl or many!

**TRY IT WITHOUT RISK.
PAY ONLY IF IT WORKS FOR YOU!**

Before you actually buy my *SUCCESP* manual for ten dollars, I want you to try it out as my guest for 31 days. During this free-trial, you won't be on the hook for one cent. Because I promise *not* to cash your check or money order for at least 31 days *after* I've sent it to you.

FREE! HOW TO REMEMBER "GIRL-FACTS" FOREVER!

Never again forget a pretty face or her phone number! **FREE** Bonus Gift reveals the *one* big (yet so simple) secret that makes anything you want to remember absolutely unforgettable.

Instantly recall names, facts, figures. Even if you *want* to forget, you won't be able to. Enjoy an impressive magnetic memory. Yours just for trying *SUCCESP*. See coupon for details.

Try this awesome technique the next time you spot an attractive girl in the street, on the beach, at a bar, at a party—*anywhere*! Convince yourself beyond the shadow of a doubt that *SUCCESP* really works. That you can conquer any girl who turns you on.

If you are not positively pleased for any reason, just return the manual to me. I'll speed back your check or money order—*uncashed*.

Still skeptical? OK, *post-date* your check for 31 days from today. That way I can't possibly deposit it even if I wanted to. You're protected 100%!

Whatever happens, I want you to *keep* the **FREE** Bonus Gift. It's yours merely for making this trial—and making out as you never did before.

You can't lose by mailing the coupon now. But you can win big when you can make any girl do anything you mentally command. *All at my sole risk!*

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Matchmakers

49 West 37th St.

Dept. EP-390

New York, N.Y. 10018

You're on! Rush postpaid my *SUCCESP* manual and **FREE Gift to keep. Enclosed is my check or money order for \$10—NOT TO BE DEPOSITED FOR 31 DAYS AFTER YOU SHIP MY ORDER. If I return the manual within that time, you'll send back my payment, *uncashed*. Ship in plain wrapper. (Sorry, no COD's)**

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Fan's Speak

Cheers...

Dear Championship Wrestling: My family and I want you to know how much we all enjoy Championship Wrestling Magazine.

Yours is the one magazine that gives an honest look at how things really are in what all of us consider to be the greatest sport of all.

We love Mighty Mike Kimmel's stories, and that goes double for those in which he compares wrestlers from all the different organizations against each other. This gives your readers a chance to get an overall picture of just who in wrestling is hot and who is not.

Plus, the Around The Mat column is fast becoming another favorite in our home. Virginia Bowes dares to say so many things that the fans have known all along but have never seen written up in any other magazine. Leave it to a woman!

What we like most about Mr. Kimmel's and Ms. Bowes' stories is that we can tell both try hard to give the fans the real lowdown on the sport without ever resorting to the cheap shots which we find too much of in too many magazines nowadays. It has gotten to the point where it appears that these other reporters are getting their kicks by hurting the reputations of our foremost mat stars.

The only complaint any of us can think of is that Championship Wrestling Magazine does not come out with new issues nearly often enough to satisfy us.

With all good wishes for your continued success, I remain Your faithful fan,
Mrs. Jenna Zapata (and family), Hallandale, Florida

Editor's Reply: Our thanks to you, Jenna, and your family too for all your kind words. We are doing our best to convince our publisher (He's the one with the money.) that Championship Wrestling should be hitting the newsstands far more frequently than is presently the case.

Maybe if more fans would write in, our boss would finally get the message.

...And Jeers

Dear Championship Wrestling: Just who does Virginia Bowes think she is?

She's always giving good publicity to the World Wrestling Federation when the rest of the press says that it is the worst promotion going. Since the other reporters are all men, they are the only ones we should listen to because it is a well known fact that real men are the only ones who know anything about sports.

I personally have never been to a WWF show. And that's the way I want to keep it. If the males in the press say that Junior McMahon's cards stink out loud, their word is plenty good enough for me as it should be for anyone else who is smart.

Sincerely,
Julius Smegma
Ocean City, NJ

Editor's Reply: "Smart"? Why, Mr. Smegma, we think you're an absolute genius! As for who I think I am: I'm the editor of a national magazine. WHO ARE YOU?

Alive And Well In Mid-America...

Dear Championship Wrestling: I would like to take this opportunity to compliment you on the Midwest wrestling report which recently appeared in your magazine.

Now maybe the rest of the country will believe there really is life (and wrestling) in my part of the world.

Any hopes of reading more on the place everyone forgets? Or is this asking too much?

Thank you.
In wrestling,
Mike Knutson
Lincoln, Nebraska

Editor's Reply: Of course you're not asking too much, Mike. Tracy Ringolsby's reports from the heartland will now be a regular feature in Championship Wrestling Magazine.

Dear Folks: Keep those cards and letters coming. We're here to please you but can do this only if you let us know what you want.

you just read, Titan is doing quite nicely for itself.

Now onto the

NWA REPORT

With individual promotions no longer giving or getting squatter's rights with regard to those territories that always "belonged" to which-ever of the big three got there first, wrestling's unholy trinity—the A.W.A., N.W.A. and W.W.F.—now share a distinction with horse manure in that they're all over the place.

However, because the National Wrestling Association has been that side of humongous to these many years, the folks over in Crockett country have their stuff all together.

The way this promotion copes with the far-reaching fingers of its huge sphere of influence is by breaking it all



HARLEY RACE and RIC FLAIR

down into separate, fairly self-governing offices with the cream off the top of each subsidiary getting a shot at their national titles.

At the zenith of this mountain-high pyramid stands Ric Flair.

With truly fine talent in abundance here, Nature Boy is obliged to hold his belt against a battering of some of the finest competition to be had for love or money.

But hold it he does. Coming at him now are the charismatic and wildly talented Magnum Terry Allen as well as Flair's oldest and bitterest enemy "The American Dream" Dusty Rhodes.

And if he cares to look over his shoulder, Ric will see that also dogging his heels are Billy Jack, Nikita Koloff, "Bully" Tully Blanchard, Ronnie Garvin, and just recently, Superfly Snuka (Yeah, the real one.), Hacksaw Jim Duggan, and Barry Windham, along with an interesting entry out of the ranks of their Florida office, one Lex Luger.

Should Ric ever actually take the
(Continued on page 43)



"DR. D" DAVID SHULTZ

200 enlightening pictures show how you can enjoy a new exciting world of sexual experience.

To SEE is to UNDERSTAND! Explicit Illustrations and Frank Words Can Help Break the Barriers to Sexual Fulfillment!

Have you been missing out on the complete sexual fulfillment you once hoped for... and which every human being should enjoy? Have you yourself experienced the maximum of sexual enjoyment, and provided your marriage partner with the peak of sexual satisfaction? Has the time come to infuse your sex life with new vigor, new interest and new excitement?

Whether you are newly contemplating your honeymoon... or looking forward to a "second honeymoon," you may well find the rewarding sexual techniques you need in **The ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEX**! This great sex manual—with 200 revealing, lifelike pictures—is yours for a ten day trial examination.

Explicit Illustrations Make Important Points and Instructions Easier To Follow!

Many husbands and wives go through life without ever attaining the fullest joy and ecstasy of sexual satisfaction. One of the most unfortunate and needless dilemmas faced by many loving and devoted couples is that their sex life is lacking genuine excitement, and has never quite lived up to their expectations of physical pleasure and satisfaction. They know that sex is (or should be) one of the most important and most gratifying sources of human pleasure—yet somehow their own relationship falls sadly short of the mark. If this applies to your own marriage, then here is a book that will help elevate your sex life to the very heights of physical ecstasy and contentment.

Truly, this **ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEX**—with its hundreds of revealing and instructive illustrations—may be just what you need to help make your life more rewarding, more exciting and more abundant with varied stimulating experiences. That is what sex is all about... and that is what **The ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEX** is all about—namely, to point the way to new and thrilling sexual delights through plain-spoken words and clearly explanatory pictures. You need merely have the will and desire to explore the information and knowledge contained in this bold book.

Here, in this massive 416-page volume, you will find important and most vital sex information, profusely punctuated with pictures of the male and female roles in sex relations. Here you will learn why some women think of themselves as "frigid" and many men think they are losing their potency, when in fact they are highly sexed individuals. You will discover how a man—regardless of past failures—can easily learn to master his own body... how he can develop the power to carry on coitus until he feels that both he and his wife have enjoyed their full measure of bodily union. You will learn of methods men have used and developed to exercise control over erection and ejaculation. You will discover systems to help prolong the sex act to make it as complete and as thoroughly joyous as it should be.

Helps Overcome Fears and Inhibitions... Helps Make You and Your Mate Better Marriage Partners.

It is this accumulated mass of helpful and authentic information—made crystal clear through 200 frank and enlightening close-up pictures—that is yours in **The ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEX**. This amazing book was written for those who want to enjoy each other with the free, uninhibited, totally satisfying responses that bring unbounded sensual pleasure to marital love. Its every word—and picture—is aimed at helping couples discover secrets of sex that can help flood their marriage with the excitement and stimulation every couple needs and deserves.

New Dimensions in Erotic Adventure for Today's Husbands and Wives

The ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEX answers all your questions and helps free you of inhibitions. It brings you simply written, easy-to-understand facts and advice, accompanied by explicit pictures that can lead to more stimulating sensual pleasures than perhaps you or your marriage partner ever thought possible. Its pages abound with imaginative suggestions that will help

transform routine sexual acts into thrilling adventures in sensual response and gratification.

This modern sex manual explodes many of the myths and bugaboos of bygone eras which may have stood in the way of your complete sex fulfillment. Frankly and in unembarrassed terms, it shows how to make variety the spice of your sex life, through all the years of your marriage from honeymoon to silver anniversary to your golden wedding day. It discusses sexual foreplay and how to bring greater satisfaction to your mate and make him or her a more eager, willing and responsive sex partner. It enables you both to view sex with new and different eyes, and with greater enthusiasm and excitement. And it does this with frank words you can UNDERSTAND... and illustrations you can SEE! Yes, hundreds of pictures that tear away the veil of secrecy and misunderstanding. Mail money back guarantee coupon today!

This book is a serious, factual explanation of the sexual functions of the human body written by doctors for the general, non-technical reader to satisfy legitimate adult interest in the sexual side of human nature.

This All-Inclusive Book Contains 416 Pages ... 200 Authentic, Enlightening Pictures. 53 Big Chapters of ILLUSTRATED SEX FACTS... Each A "Book" In Itself!

- Gratifying sex practices and techniques which bring complete fulfillment in the sex act.
- Complete Picture Story of Woman's Sex Organs
- Picture Story of Woman's Sensation Curve
- Blunders made by men in the sex act and how to avoid them.
- How male and female sex organs function in intercourse.
- Why woman fails to attain climax.
- Male Sex Organs
- Showing functions of male sex organ
- The bridal night—common mistakes that are made and how to avoid them.
- The art of sexual foreplay—how it helps husband and wife attain mutual climax.
- Showing areas of woman's organs producing highest sensations
- What both bride and groom should know about the first sex act with a virgin bride.
- Importance of first sexual intercourse and how it can affect the entire sex life of a woman
- How a man's inexperience and clumsiness in sexual intercourse can cause feminine impotence.
- Why it takes a woman more time to respond to sexual stimulation than a man and what techniques can be used to "make-up" the difference.
- Causes of sexual urge in men.
- How man's erotic desires are evoked
- New discoveries in birth control. Which are the most reliable contraceptives—and which permit maximum enjoyment.
- Erotic dreams and nocturnal emissions.
- Causes of the sex drive in women.
- Female frigidity, its causes and cures.
- Picture Story of Cause of Sterility in women
- Causes and cures for sexual impotence in men.
- Picture Story of most important cause of impotence
- What actually causes climax in a woman—and what a man can do to help bring it about.
- Illustrating effects on breasts after pregnancy
- Two Inserts of Female bodies showing how pregnancy takes place
- How sexual urge in woman differs from man.
- Comparison of the emotions of men and women during sexual relations.
- Climax in man compared to climax in woman.
- How masturbation affects a man or woman's sexual performance and gratification in marriage.
- How to correct male's premature climax to prolong sex act.
- Delaying sex life's finish.
- The desire for sexual intercourse during and after the female menopause.
- How often can a couple have sexual intercourse—can too much sex be harmful to either a man or a woman.
- Natural birth control.
- Which areas of the male and female body are most sensitive to erotic stimulation.
- A change of position during the sex act that facilitates attainment of a "perfect" orgasm.
- "Lovers' Pains" that can intensify sensation between sexually normal married couples.
- The clitoris—seat of sexual excitation in woman and key to her sexual arousal and satisfaction.
- Certain steps a man can take to help him and his wife reach simultaneous orgasm.
- Why deviations from normal sex sensations are more frequent in woman than man.
- Special positions for sexual intercourse and when they are recommended.
- What causes a husband or wife to become unfaithful and commit adultery—are some marriages more prone to infidelity than others.

Just a few of hundreds of frank, enlightening illustrated instructions!

The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex

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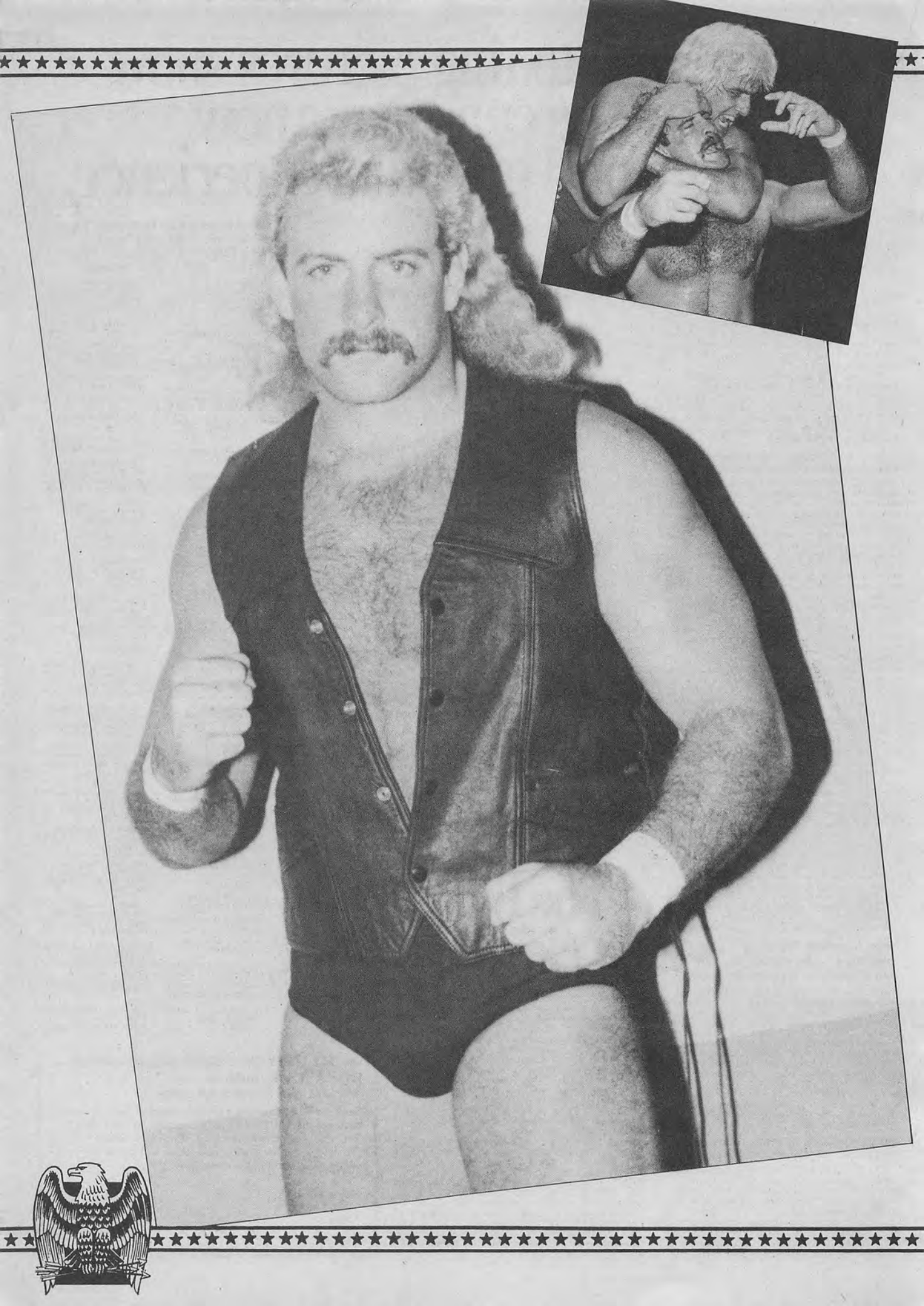
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Send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper marked "personal." Enclosed is \$9.95 plus 95¢ for shipping and handling. If not completely satisfied within 10 days, I can return book and my money will be refunded. I am over 21.

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★ ★ ★ ALL- ★ ★ ★ AMERICAN

Relieved!—audience.

It is a grim, though eloquent, testimony to the quality of character imbued in Magnum that he did not—not once—stoop to the same level as his rather sinister opponent during the entire shameful run of that famous (or should I say infamous?) feud.

But there are limits. Damn right! And even the victory over McDaniel could not quench the seething rage that had been building inside Magnum TA. Even the thorough, though ultimately professional, beating that Magnum had inflicted on the blow-hard McDaniel could not satiate the unrelenting hate he felt for Blanchard—the sun who had stolen the title from him again and again from the safety of beyond the ropes.

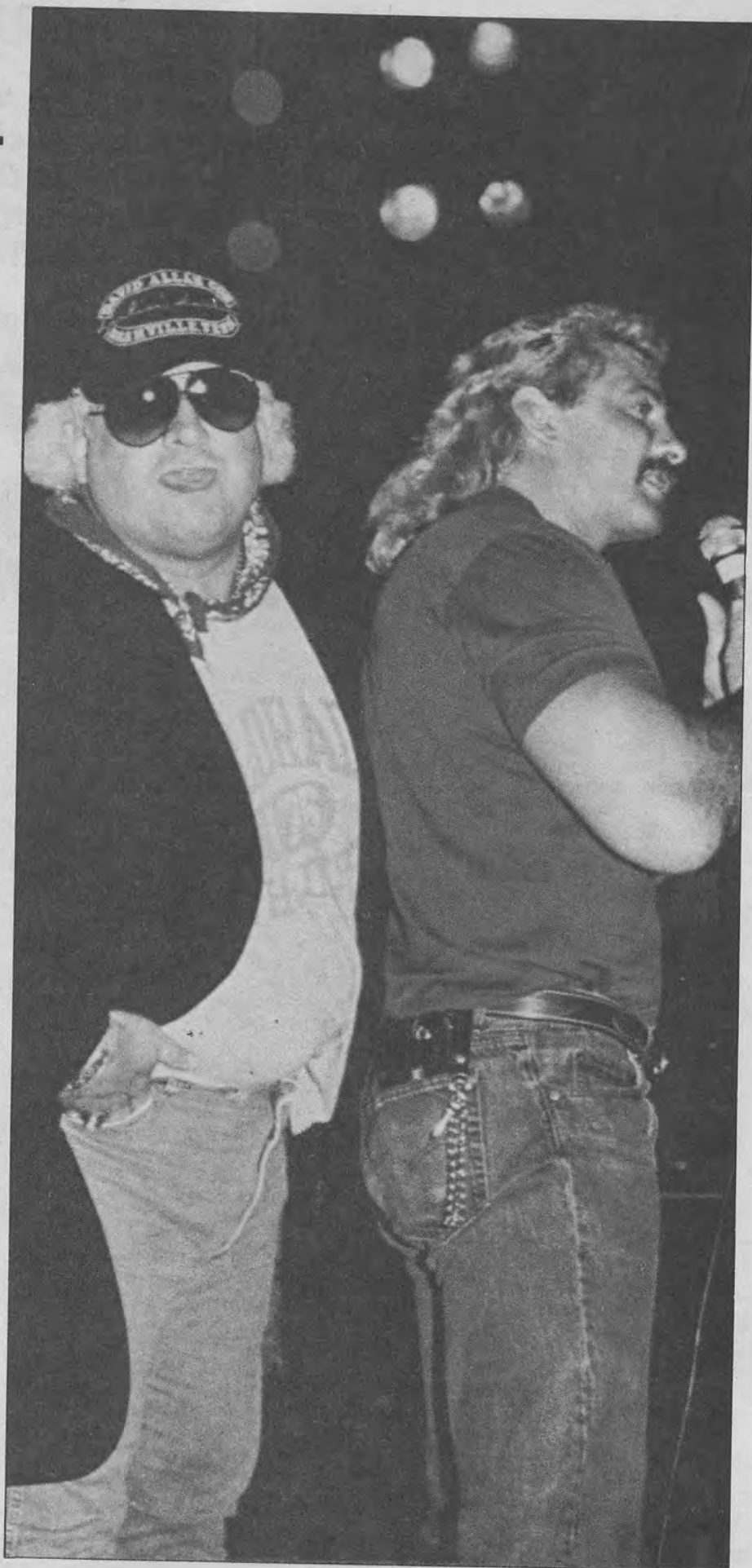
Today it is Dusty who Magnum readily credits with helping him develop the famed free-flowing style that strikes fear into the black hearts of wrestling baddies everywhere.

As for Blanchard, his anger at Magnum was fueled by what we can only guess was a combination of jealousy of his wrestling-superior as well as the painful and public spectacle of watching his good-buddy Wahoo getting the pungent tar beat out of him again and again.

When the bad blood finally came to a boil it ended in a series of unforgettable matches between Tully and TA. With his newly-won title on the line and his goal of eventually beating Flair for that coveted strap, Magnum fought like a demon. However, once again the odds were against him.

Match after match TA had to contend with Tully's valet Baby Doll (or Baby Dull, as many mat fans have taken to calling her) offering her man assistance just when he needed it most.

It must have been a long and frustrating experience for Magnum.

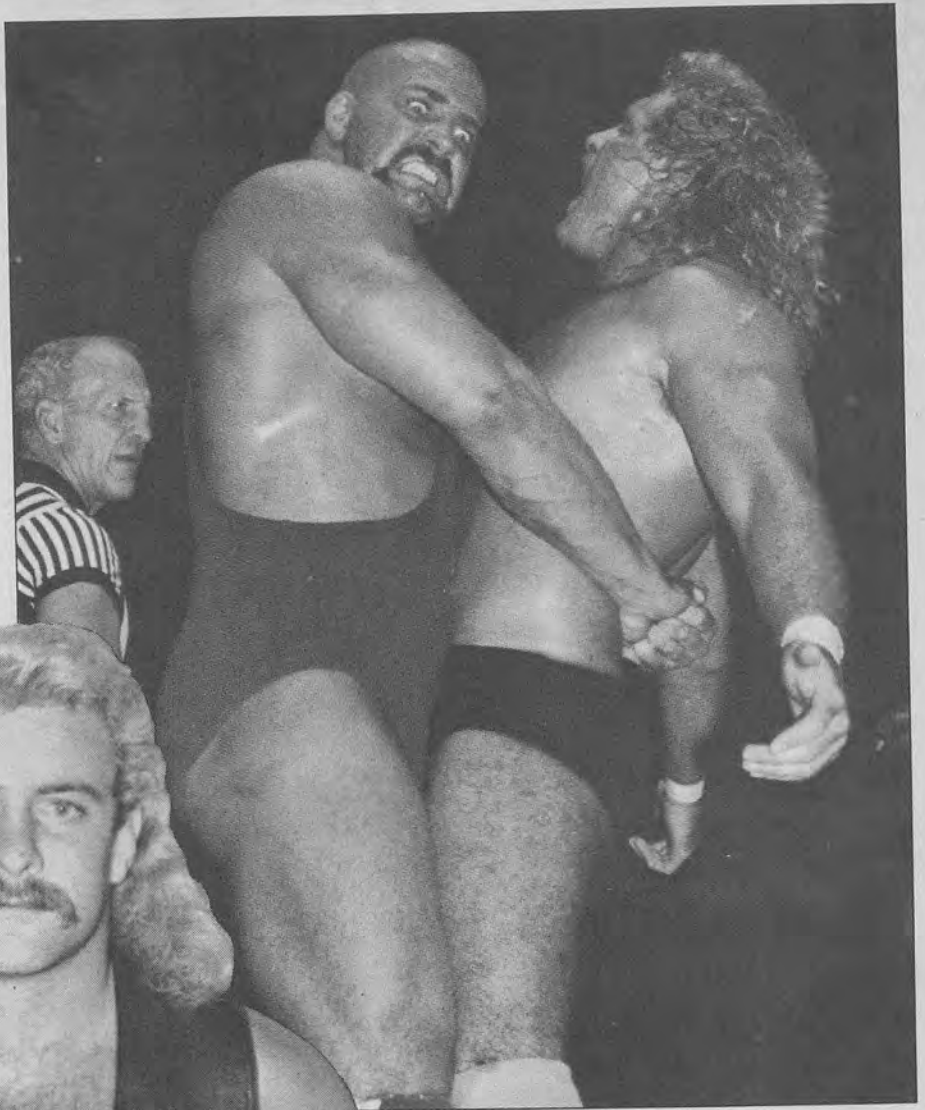


Once again he was up against uneven odds. Once again victory was stolen from him time after time in a series of matches he knew he could win—given a fair chance.

Then, after a long while, Magnum got what he wanted. A match when Baby Doll was conveniently scheduled to be out of town. It was too good to be true. Before a capacity crowd of screaming, stomping fans Magnum paraded up to the ropes. Those who saw him couldn't deny that the champ seemed invested with a new confidence—not in himself necessarily, but in the fact that at long last this was to be a match that was strictly mano-a-mano.

And then Tully entered the ring. The crowd's reaction was mixed—to be generous. As Blanchard steps between the ropes, eyeing the crowd belligerently, Magnum looked over at his opponent. A formidable opponent—of course—but manageable. TA felt good. He felt great.

But then it happened! Obscured by the uniform and cap of a private security agency there came to the rope a shapely rent-a-cop. Ostensibly the security guard was stationed ringside to keep the excited fans in check during this highly emotional bout. However,



this familiarly feminine figure imparted on the cheek of the already sweat-befouled Blanchard a good luck kiss.

For Magnum it was the kiss of death.

The details of that match, that final deception, are too painful, even after nearly a year, even for the printed page. But suffice it to say that it was not Tully Blanchard's hand that guided Magnum's fate that day and rendered him prostrate on the mat beneath the merciless lights.

The loss of the belt and the championship hit Magnum even harder than the unlawful assistance from beyond the ropes. However, for

...Damn! And even the victory over McDaniel could not quench the seething rage that had been building inside of Magnum...

Magnum Terry Allen:
A splendid example
of good ol' American
know-how.

★ ★ ★ ALL- ★ ★ ★ AMERICAN

the ex-champ, enough was enough. Thrown into a blood-thirsty frenzy he was determined, by whatever means it took, to recover his championship and extract his revenge from Tully's thick and often slippery hide.

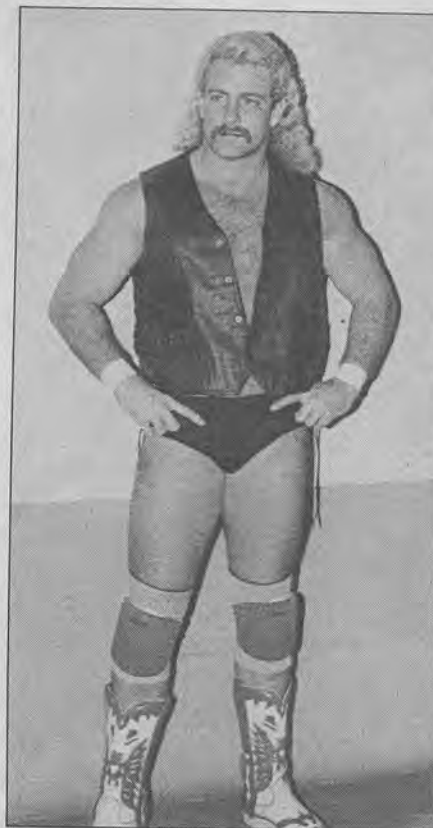
But, not suprisingly, Tully refused to meet TA in the squared circle. Requests for re-matches were rebuffed. Nothing, it seemed, could get Blanchard within a country-mile of a ring that also contained the frothing Magnum.

Then, resorting to an uncharacteristic piece of deviousness, TA obtained a blank contract bearing Blanchard's signature. And on that blank contract TA custom-tailored his own dream match with Blanchard. It was to be a cage match. Just Tully and TA.

One of the bloodiest matches in wrestling history. Blanchard must have suprised even himself at how well he fared against Magnum, but then fear—naked, shameless fear—is a powerful motivator. In the end it was Magnum who prevailed and regained the title.

"I don't feel good about the level that match sunk to," Magnum says. "But it's done. It had to be done, so now it's best left at that."

A comparative new-comer to the big time, charismatic T.A. took his lessons the hard way. But pay-back-time's coming due. Watch out, Ric Flair!



With the U.S. Championship wrapped securely around his waist, TA once again found himself a target. But now it was the Russians, particularly Nikita Koloff, who had set his red-tinted sights on the handsome American grappler. Rumors of bribes—offered (and of course) refused—circulated within the darker regions of the mat world. KGB INVOLVEMENT was hinted at—and a contract for a special series of international matches were spoken of by the darker denizens of the mat world. Rumors spread like a bad flu,

but nothing ever came of them.

Speaking in a recent interview, Magnum addressed both his past opponent Tully and the Russians when he said, "You seem kinda proud of the pain you caused me, but brother, I can live with pain. My fear is that someday this belt might wind up around a Russian waist."

A real fear indeed. But from his history and what fans know of Magnum, it's apparent that this good-looking All-American will fight with his last breath to defend the belt—and obvious indeed that he takes the responsibility of U.S. Champ seriously.

As of this writing the matches that have taken place between TA and the Russians have been tame. But woe to those who ever misjudge the sleeping

...One of the bloodiest matches in wrestling history, and Blanchard must have surprised even himself at how well he fared against his nemesis. But then fear—naked and shameless—is a powerful motivator. Nevertheless, in the end it was Magnum who prevailed.

bear. Yes, tell it to Napoleon. To the casual outsider (and insider for that matter), the Russian strategy seems obvious: Let the small fish wear TA down, and then, when he's at his weakest, his most vulnerable, then strike. For the Russians are noted for their patience. And, after all, Magnum is for them, just another rung up the ladder to Flair—to embarrassing the good old U.S. of A. Who knows? Perhaps deep behind those ominous Kremlin walls, dark little men pore over cyrillic documents. For the Russians, Magnum TA is just another chapter in the Five Year Plan—somewhere just under increased wheat production and factory hours...

Magnum however, seems to be taking it lightly. After Flair himself, Magnum has gone back to his wrestling roots—today he is hotly pursuing a tag team title with Dusty Rhodes and the Anderson Boys...and for once (maybe) Magnum is up against opponents who can play by the rules...



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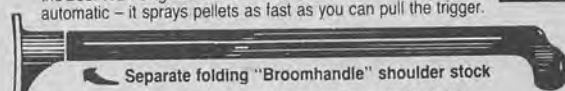
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★ WHERE ★ EAGLES SOAR

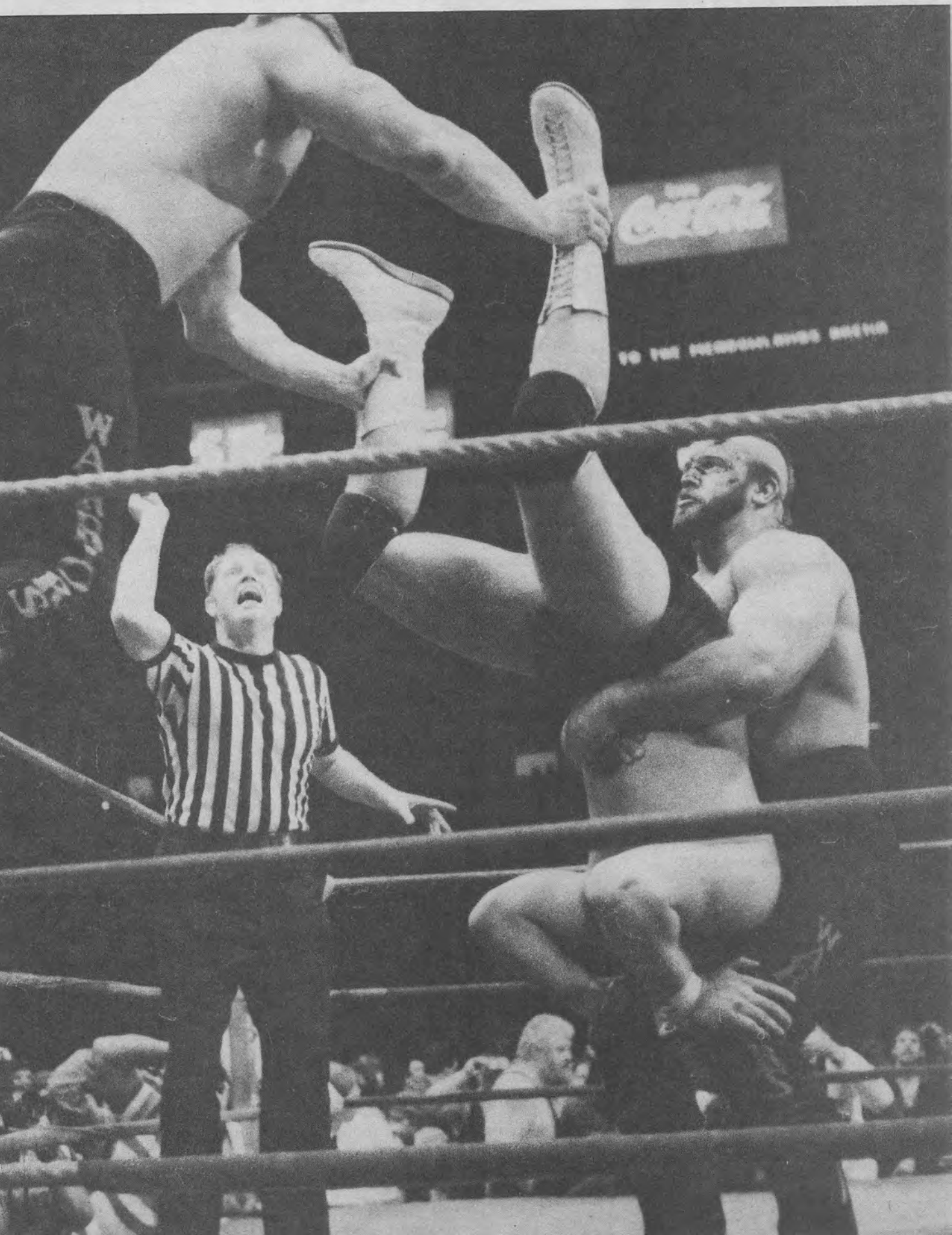
CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING INTERVIEWS THE ROAD WARRIORS

What makes Animal and Hawk run? Having clawed their way up from Chicago's meanest gutters—a place where even the sun won't go and life's as cheap as spit—Ellering's Legion of Doom now trips the heady heights of golden days and glory-filled nights brought by worldwide renown and wealth surpassing all possible dreams. ...And still the two want more.

By Mighty Mike Kimmel

Since their initial entry into the brutal world of professional wrestling, the Road Warriors have been universally heralded as the single dominant force in tag team competition. In their brief but illustrious career, Animal and Hawk have annihilated such top ranked tandems as Ivan and Nikita Koloff, The Fabulous Freebirds, Gorgeous Jimmy Garvin and Steve Regal, Boris Zukoff and the Barbarian, Nick Bockwinkel and Mr. Saito, Dory and Terry Funk, Sgt. Slaughter and Crusher Jerry Blackwell, Larry and Curt Hennig, Jumping Jim Brunzell and Greg Gagne, the Kiwi Shepherders, Jerry Lawler and Tommy Rich, Steve Keirn and Stan Lane, Jack and Jerry Brisco, Baron Von Raschke and the Crusher, and the Wild Samoans, among very many others.





THE ROAD WARRIORS

Despite the remarkable ring success this team has enjoyed, however, the self-styled legion of Doom appears to have nowhere to go except up, as both Animal and Hawk, two of the strongest and most durable men in the sport, are still quite young and have yet to reach their prime competitive years. Prior to one of their recent main event contests, the awesome Road Warriors, along with manager Precious Paul Ellering, granted this magazine a rare and candid locker room interview.

CW: How long have you been wrestling now?

HAWK: Three years. And every other wrestler in professional wrestling is really tired of it. You can believe that!

CW: And...how did you get started?

HAWK: Tell him, Precious.

ELLERING: I was contacted from Chicago by these two men. They have an extensive background, as you can see, with physical training and working out.

CW: Yes. I can see that.

ELLERING: Yes, they're very well developed. And they contacted me, of course, because, at one time, I was into heavy weight lifting and they understood my background. We had that in common. I came up to Chicago, talked with them, and got to know them.

CW: And what was the result of that first meeting?

ELLERING: We came to an understanding that I would give them a shot at some top title matches. I was managing some other wrestlers at the time. In any case, there was a tournament being held. I had the opportunity to enter them and, in that tournament, they became the NWA National Tag Team Champions.

CW: That's a very impressive start.

ELLERING: Yes, and I'd like to say that these two men are the phenomenon of professional wrestling. They've come from, essentially, a background of not knowing anything to being the top team in the sport today. They are the best, and the reason why they're the best is because they rely on their instincts as fighters. And gradually,

over the three years, they've assimilated wrestling, as well.

CW: I'm sure a lot of people are curious as to how Animal and Hawk themselves first met.

HAWK: We grew up together on the same...turf...in Chicago. Hell, I've known Animal ever since we were knee high to a grasshopper.

CW: Did you start training together as kids?

HAWK: Well, we went to school together—for as long as that lasted.

ANIMAL: We went to school together until we got kicked out. (He laughs) We used to hang-out together in the same playgrounds in Chicago—around Comiskey Park—where we grew up.

CW: What was that like?

ANIMAL: Rough. One day, when we

...universally heralded as the single dominant force in tag team competition...however, the self-styled legion of Doom (still) appears to have nowhere to go but up.

were walking home from school, I remember we were jumped by about 6 or 7 of the bigger, older guys.

CW: And you were how old at the time?

ANIMAL: We were about 13 years old and...uh...we really got beat up bad. I mean, people just don't know the kind of things we've been through. Basically, we got our butts kicked, and then we decided that was never going to happen to us again. We had to learn to fight back. We had to pride ourselves in building our bodies up to a certain potential.

HAWK: And then, eventually, we got all those guys back.

ANIMAL: Big time.

CW: Was that one incident then your incentive to work out and develop yourselves?

ANIMAL: Well, that didn't happen only one time. I can't even count the number of times we got beat up. But we never stopped trying to improve ourselves and make ourselves stronger and, eventually, we got to where we are today. And there's no two people in the world that can beat us.

CW: Who would you say have been your toughest opponents?

ANIMAL: Nobody. Nobody's ever come close to beating us yet. We've faced top contenders in both the AWA and NWA, but nobody's even come close to stopping us.

CW: How about Gorgeous Jimmy Garvin and Steve Regal, who stole your tag team belts in the AWA?

ANIMAL: We beat up punks like that every day.

HAWK: And we're not finished with those geeks yet.

ELLERING: Or the Freebirds.

ANIMAL: Or the damn Koloffs.

CW: A lot of people feel that the Koloffs have provided you with your toughest tag team test to date. What's your reaction to that?

ANIMAL: They're nothing to The Warriors.

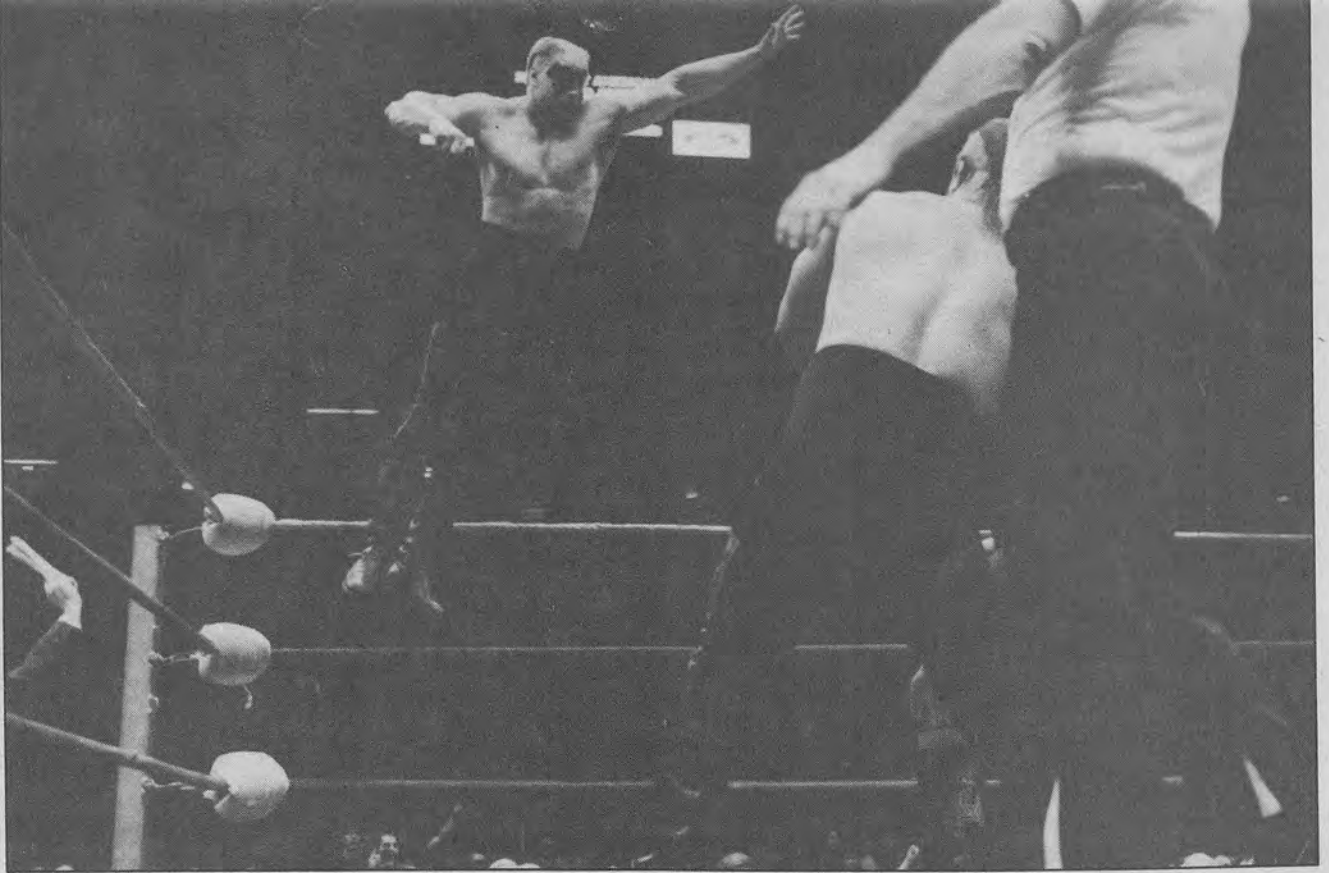
HAWK: Ivan Koloff is an indescribable mass of armpit hair. Nikita is a contemptuous mess of fossilized ape puke. And we've had enough of them.

CW: How has Paul Ellering helped your career, aside from first breaking you into the business?

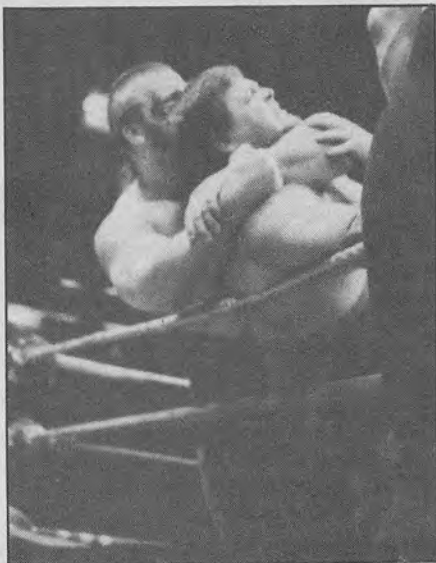
HAWK: We couldn't deal with promoters. I don't have the time for promoters, first of all, because promoters are like con men. You can print this because there's nothing any promoter can do about it, anyway. We don't have the tolerance to listen to them and all their bull.



Here a proud Warrior scoops and slams his man then seems equally bowled over by the loud round of applause his actions elicit from those at ringside.



The Warrior swoops down with the greatest of ease to throttle King Lawlor.



CW: I understand.

HAWK: Paul takes care of all that. He takes care of our travel schedule, and our plane and hotel reservations. He's the best thing that's ever happened to The Road Warriors. Precious Paul Ellering is fantastic.

CW: He enables you then to concentrate strictly on wrestling?

HAWK: All we have to do is train and fight.

CW: What do you think of the fans?

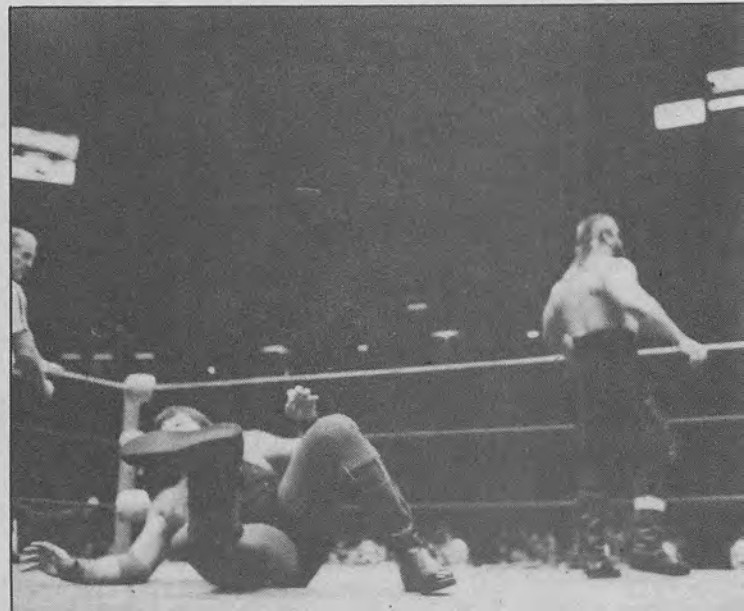
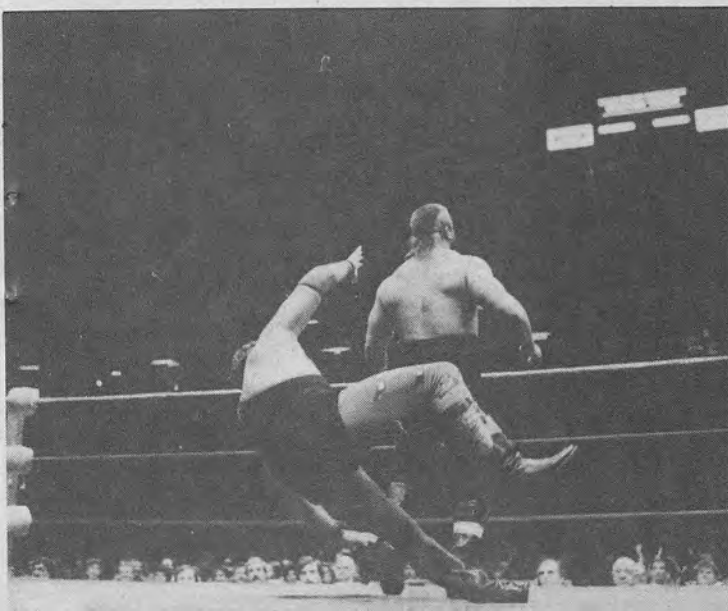
ANIMAL: Fans are weird. A lot of people hate us. A lot of people love us. But the ones that hate us, hate us because they wish they could be like

The Road Warriors. The ones that love us, love us because they respect us. They respect size. They respect power. They respect strength.

CW: Do you have any message for all

"...we're great fighters because we had to be. We had no other choice...but fighting's not what life is all about."

those young fans who respect your accomplishments and seem to idolize you both so much?



THE ROAD WARRIORS

ANIMAL: Yeah, we come in here and we say we're great fighters. Well, we're great fighters because we had to be. We had no other choice throughout our lives. But we don't want to mislead any young kids out there who may read this thing. We *had* to fight, but fighting's not what life is all about. We started fighting just to survive. We fight now because we get paid for it.

CW: Are there any more challenges left for the Road Warriors?

HAWK: Sure. Every night's a challenge. Otherwise we wouldn't keep doing it. It's more of a challenge for the other guys than it is for us, though.

CW: What else do you hope to accomplish?

HAWK: We've taken one world belt. We'd like another. And we'd like the Japanese tag team title. We went over there not too long ago to fight all the top Japanese wrestlers, and we decimated every one of them. We wrestled their champions and beat them soundly, but it was not a title match. We'd like to just take on *anybody* who feels that they can do *anything* with us. I haven't found anybody who's able to touch us yet, and neither has Animal.

ELLERING: At this point in our careers, there's nothing that can stop us. We're the type of commodity that is every promoter's dream. They can build a franchise around having us on their card, and that is why we can command and *demand* the kind of money that we do.

CW: What do you like to do with the money you earn?

ELLERING: I like to take my money down to Wall Street. For me, that's the biggest game in town. These guys have bought Cadillacs and new homes. We try to invest our money and be smart so that when we retire from wrestling, these guys will never have to go back to the slums. They'll never have to see that part of life the average person doesn't get to see. Only 10 or 20 per cent of the population gets to see what these 2 men have been through, and then maybe only 3 tenths of one per cent ever get to actually do what they've had to do. Hopefully, we'll manage our money right, and these guys will never have to worry about money again.

"Ivan Koloff is an indescribable mass of armpit hair. Nikita is a contemptuous mess of fossilized ape puke."

CW: What do you like to do on a day off?

HAWK: Nothing.

ANIMAL: Except work out.

HAWK: Working out is great on a day off. It's great any day of the week. But it's even better on a day off.

ANIMAL: And there's not an average human being on this planet that can handle the workouts we'll go through on our day off. Nobody we've seen can keep up with us in the gym.

ELLERING: I'd like to say that I've been around weightlifting for 10 or 15 years now, and I've seen National-calibre lifters come and go for as



At left an unhappy Hawk feels The Baron's iron grip, while above shows Animal set to dethrone King Jerry Lawlor. The Animal opposite hungrily eyes a fallen opponent, and below we catch the two taking time out to confer.

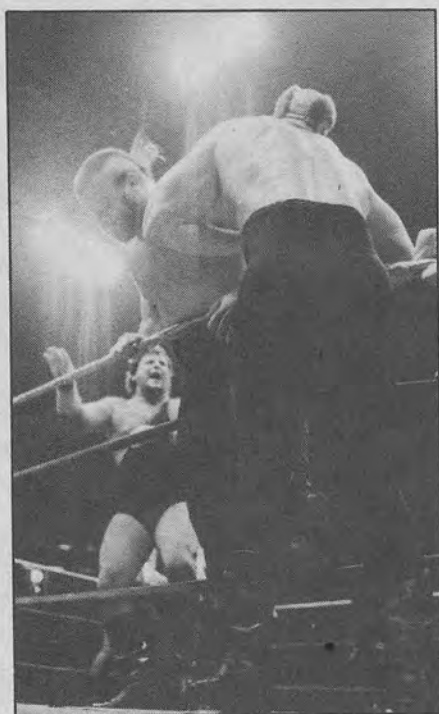


long as I care to remember. I've seen everybody. And, to my knowledge, there is nobody in any weightlifting sport, or in wrestling, that can keep up with these two guys when they're working out. They handle poundages that would boggle the average person's mind. They can pick up the back end of any car at any time. They both can do that. They can lift a refrigerator up and press it. They can do things that the average human being can't really comprehend and they do this all the time. I would venture to say that in every workout, The Road Warriors are lifting 10 tons of weight, which is unbelievable.

CW: As far as wrestling is concerned, have you had any other major influences in your career, aside from Mr. Ellering?

ELLERING: They didn't need any.

HAWK: We watched wrestling in Chicago before we ever thought



"I mean, people just don't know what we've been through. Basically, we got our butts kicked, and then we decided that was NEVER going to happen to us again."

about getting into it. We looked at every guy we saw on TV and said, "We can beat him." We never say anybody on TV that we thought could beat us. We didn't even have any wrestling training when we got started. We *still* won the National title. *Nobody* can beat us.

CW: If you were two other wrestlers and you had to wrestle the Road

Warriors, how would you prepare?

HAWK: I'd get a gun.

ELLERING: (Laughs) I'd get a Patton tank.

CW: What advice would you offer to future opponents?

HAWK: They should be big guys themselves, and they should find a big wife. About a 300 pound lady. And they should have themselves a kid. They should put the kid on a steady diet of nothing but what they feed cows and cattle for about 20 years. And they should teach him how to wrestle. And then they've got to teach him one other thing—they've got to teach him how to *hate*! And then, when he's done all that—after about 26 or 27 years—then, *maybe*, he can get in the ring with *us*.

CW: By that time, you guys will have retired, and people will still be calling you the best tag team in wrestling history.

HAWK: Yeah, but we'll be able to look back and say, "maybe *that* guy could have done *something*!"



DUSTY RHODES

THE DREAM WHO WOULD BE KING

The sickly-sweet smell of fresh blood permeates every N.W.A. arena in the land as Dusty Rhodes continues his bitter crusade to down the unsinkable Ric Flair and take for himself the sport's highest honor.

By Henry Schlesinger

Go out and ask the insurance executive, the one with the firm hand-shake and easy smile. Ask the Madison Avenue whiz-kid with the three hundred dollar suit and fifty cent words. Ask the short-order cook, sweating bullets into a sizzling griddle of lunch-hour hamburgers. Ask anyone about the American Dream and there's a chance they'll reply with a line about two cars, a split-level paradise and cold beer on the Fourth of July. But, if he's a wrestling fan—whether insurance executive, whiz-kid, or fry-cook—he'll tell you about three hundred pounds of Texas vengeance called Dusty Rhodes.

For over 17 years Dusty Rhodes has strode the canvas of the squared circle. Bleeding an ocean of blood during some of the most brutal contests of skill and endurance ever witnessed by wrestling fans, Dusty has earned himself a Texas-sized chunk of wrestling fame.

One of the most popular wrestlers in the sport, Dusty has twice held the NWA title, wrapping his generous girth in the golden glory of the coveted belt. And while the golden strap does not adorn Dusty's much adored midriff now, his eye has never strayed far from that championship strap. Today, when the harsh white

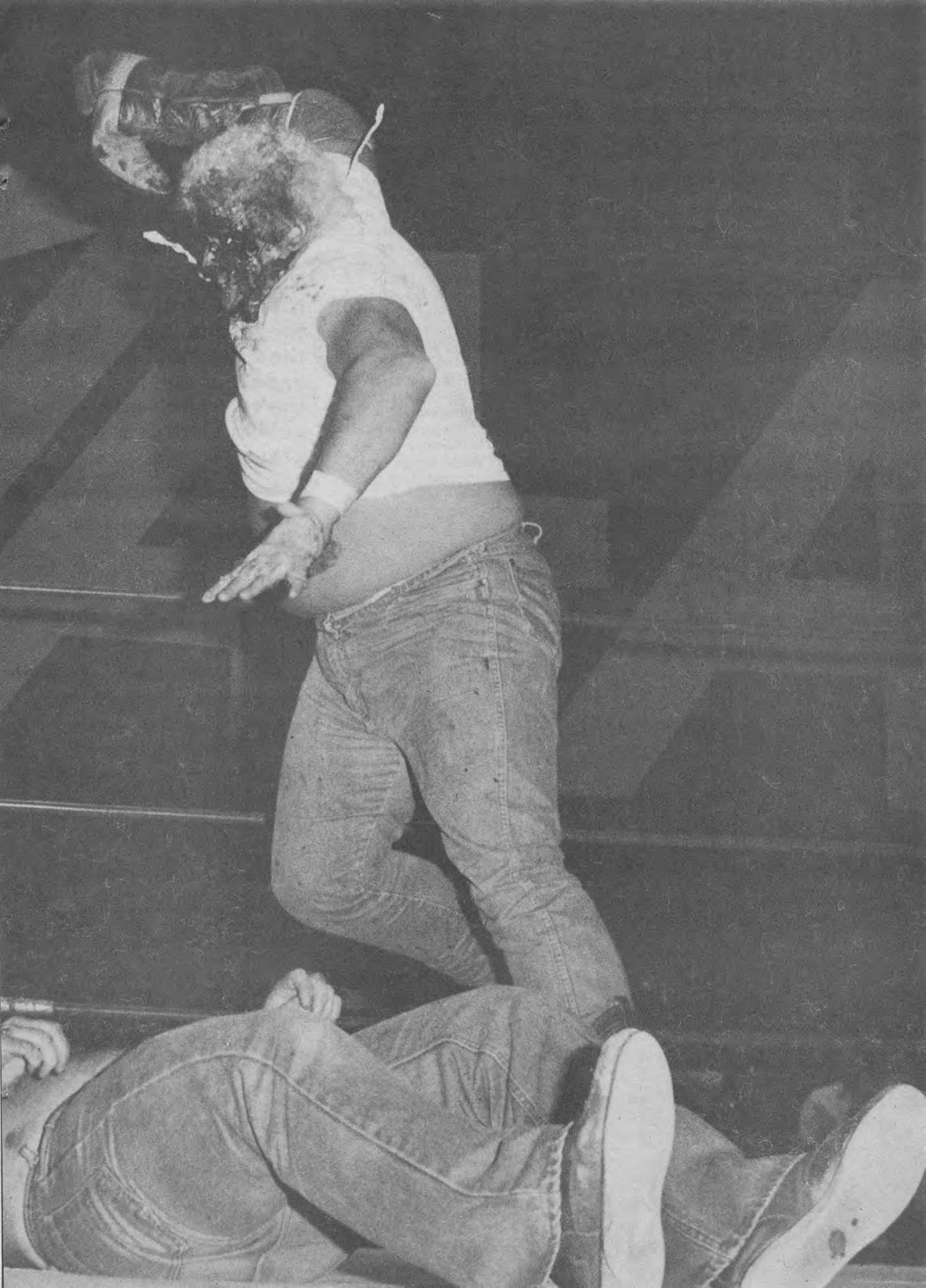
lights of the arena shoot sparks of wrestling glory from around Ric Flair's waist, Dusty can be seen to nearly vibrate with uncontrollable rage.

Time and again Dusty has taken the current champ to the mat—and time and again Flair has escaped. Moving with speed and agility rare in a man his size, Dusty "The American Dream" Rhodes has felt the numbing agony of defeat even as he has heard the three count from the top most (and traditionally) winning position.

Ric Flair to date has held the NWA title three times, and insiders say that the bleached blond baddie intends to take the ten pounds of golden glory with him to the grave. Take for instance a recent match in Atlanta between The American Dream and Flair. During the early stages of that match the ref was dumped and Dusty, who clearly held the upper hand, had to confront Flair allies Ole and Arn Anderson.

Needless to say, the Anderson boys gave old Dusty a hard time of it,





RHODES

but in minutes The American Dream had them both neatly disposed of. With the Andersons now out of the way, Dusty was free to focus all of his formidable attention on Flair. It was only a matter of time—minutes—before Dusty had taken the champ down to the canvas and brought the fans to their feet in cheering, chanting, screaming exultation.

But, even as the ref's hand pounded against the firm canvas in three precise, drum-like beats that thundred hollow above the crowd's cheers, the belt still belonged to Flair.

Under NWA rules, the match was **TECHNICALLY NULL AND VOID** the nanosecond that Flair received help from beyond the ropes in the form of the Anderson boys. No matter that

the help in question only served to handicap Rhodes on his way to clear and swift victory—the match was as if it had never been. It was a spectre of wrestling history that passed swiftly before the eyes of Dusty's beloved fans and then vanished...as if all of it never happened.

And this wasn't the first time Flair has resorted to such trickery when meeting The American Dream within the squared circle. Mat mavens who study the public cabal of the wrestling trades can recite a grim litany of such decisions, which clearly and undeniably pervert the very reasoning that brought those rules into existence.

"I know I've lost to him. But all I ask for is a fair match," Dusty has said on more than one occasion.

And, indeed, although a fair match with Flair seems impossible, no less an authority than the president of the NWA himself has mentioned the possibility of a World Series-type contest with the golden strap going

to the winner of the best five or seven. But then, why not the best 50, or the best of 70? Why not just have the NWA championship belt surgically implanted across Flair's hide?

Talk to Flair and you get a different story—yes sir, a different story altogether!

"I'll tell you something. I'll meet The American Dream.... Any time... Anywhere... But I'll tell ya I

Rick Flair has held the N.W.A. belt three times, and insiders say the bleached-blond baddie intends to take the ten pounds of golden glory to his grave.



hate wrestling him. It's like wrestling a greased pig with it's throat cut," Flair said.

Undeniably, Dusty has a reputation as a bleeder, but you can bet that reputation was brought along by Flair's penchant for a particularly nasty and underhanded brand of grappling. Take for example the awesome match last year during Starcade when Flair broke Dusty's leg. Even today close observers of the Dusty One can still see him favoring his leg.

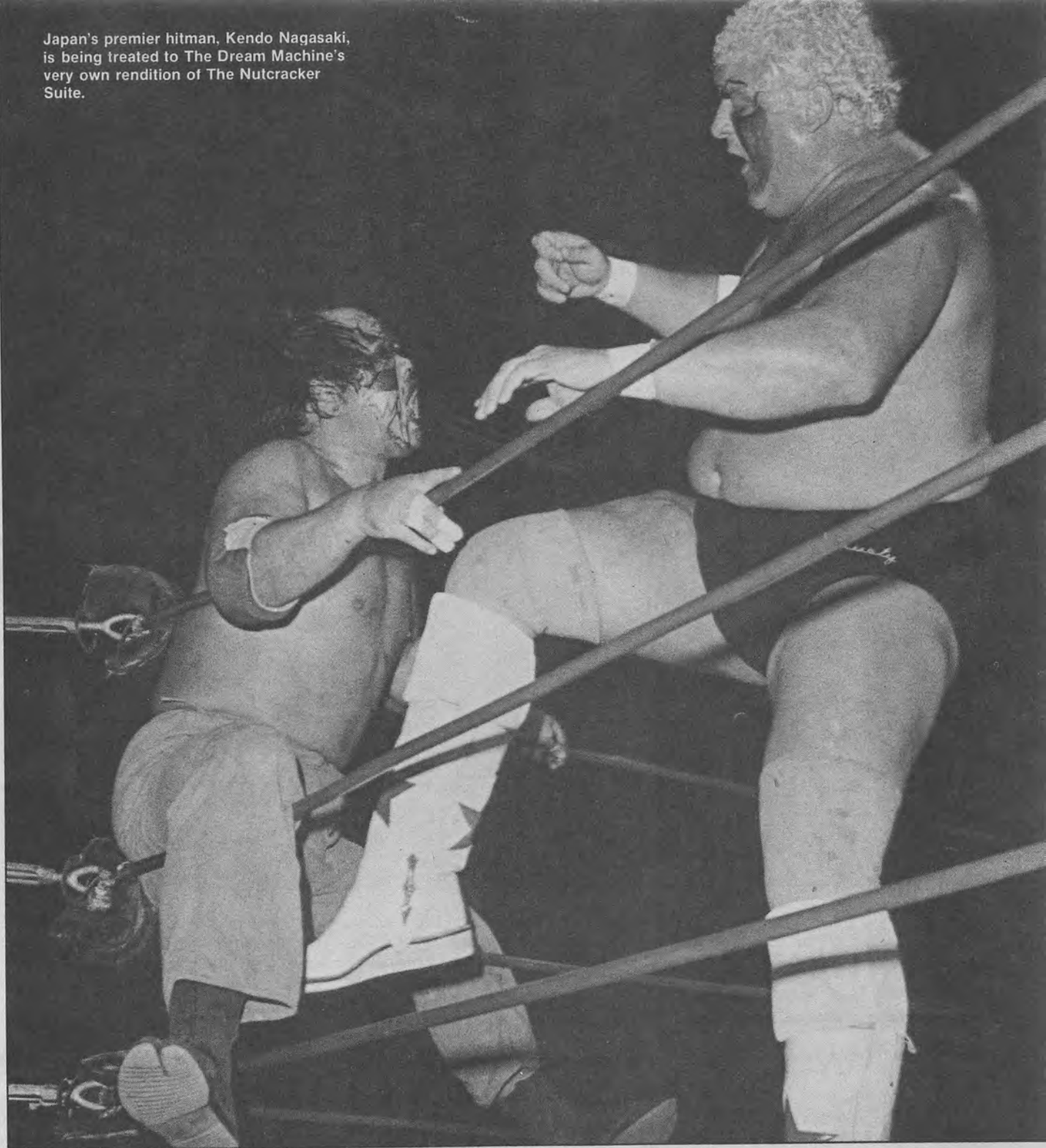
"I'll get Flair for that. I'll tell you something, daddy, I'm gonna get Flair for what he did to me. And, I know it, the fans know it—and best of all—Flair knows it," Dusty proclaims.

Dusty's fans, however, can only hope that his current feud with Flair doesn't end in the same manner as Dusty's now legendary feud with Abdullah the Butcher. And, although Dusty's feud with the vicious Sudanese proved that The American Dream is nothing if not persistent, fans across the country were left wondering "At what price glory?"

The climax to that bitter feud came a little over a year ago in Florida at the Graham Sports Complex in Orlando. It was a hot night when the two opponents met on the Orlando venue—the humidity settled over the Florida flatlands like a fat lady easing into the last seat of a crowded bus.

Ric Flair exacts a choking front-face-lock upon Stardust, much like the insidious hold Nature Boy has on the NWA Championship.

Japan's premier hitman, Kendo Nagasaki, is being treated to The Dream Machine's very own rendition of The Nutcracker Suite.



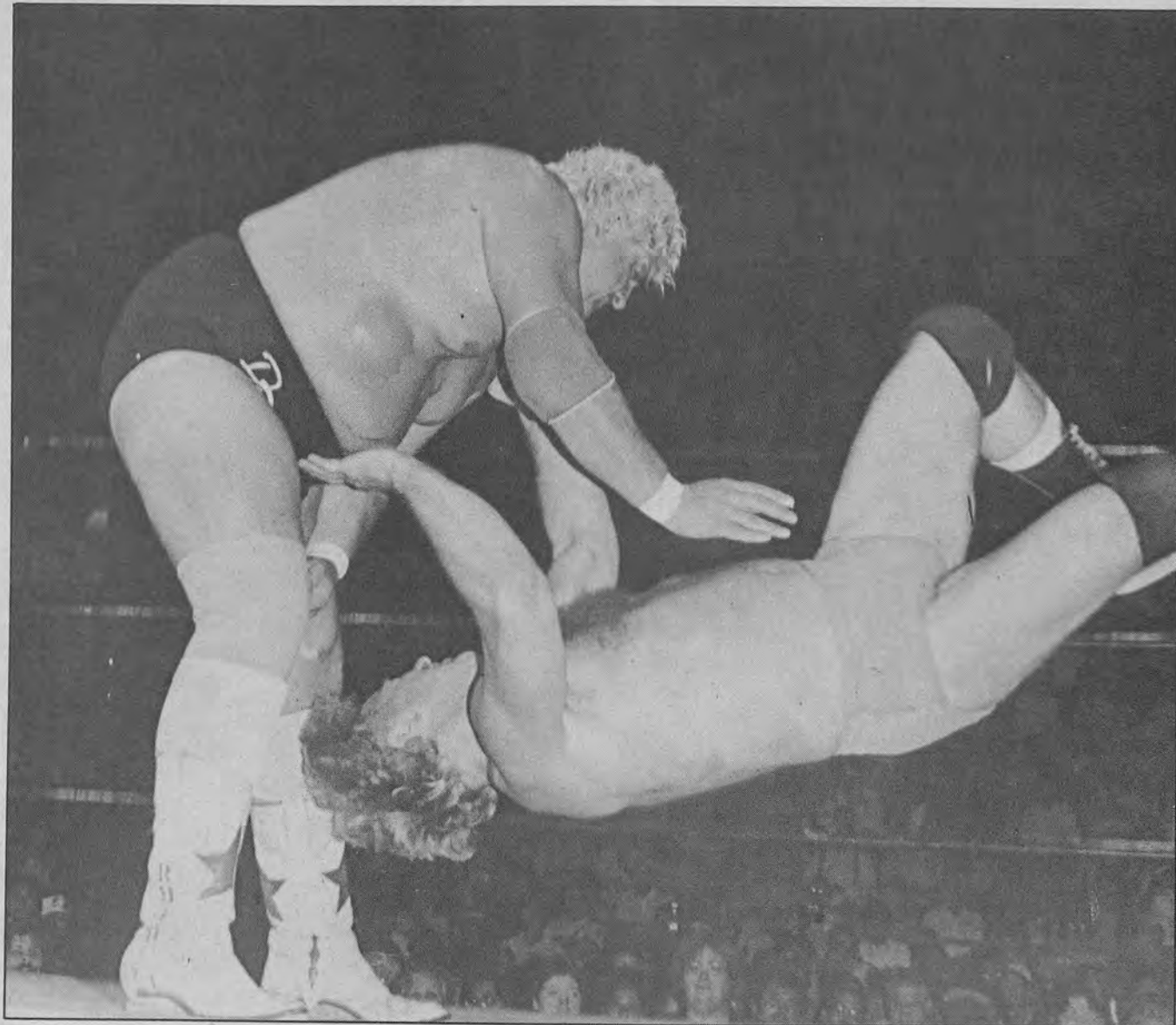
The fans filed into the arena already thirsty for beer and blood. But nothing could have prepared the relatively civilized crowd for the scene they would witness that night.

The bout, billed as a Bunkhouse Brawl, had been the talk for miles around. It's not often that fans witness such a rare spectacle. The rules of a Bunkhouse Brawl are simple: THERE ARE NO RULES. It's a come as you are free-for-all, and a style of wrestling famous for the introduction of foreign objects into

Bleeding an ocean of blood during some of the most brutal contests...Dusty has earned for himself a Texas-sized chunk of wrestling fame.

the arena of combat.

A sinister hush fell over the arena as the two combatants entered the ring—it was almost as if the crowd could sense the hint of the grisly sight that was unfolding before them in slow motion. Within a minute of the opening bell, Abdullah had drawn first blood. But, it was no ordinary wound the mammoth wrestler had opened along Dusty's hairline, inches from The American Dream's eye. It was a wound of the type caused not by a fist, or fingernail, but opened by



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steel—incredibly stainless steel—a common fork.

After recovering from the initial shock of the stabbing blow, Dusty retaliated with a series of skull-shattering elbows to the side of Abdullah's head and a fast rain of throat chops that brought the big man to his knees, rendering him ripe for the leather of Dusty's boots.

Soon Abdullah was as bloody as Dusty and the match was waged back and forth, with each of the big men bouncing and flinging off the ropes.

And then—just when it looked as if neither would emerge from the blood-soaked ring alive—the ref called the match. The contest itself was a draw, fought on an

unbelievably brutal level, but it was a lesson as well. For while nobody has ever doubted the Butcher's brutality, Dusty proved to his fans, and perhaps himself, that he is one grappler, willing, able and above all

It was only a matter of time—minutes—before Dusty had taken the champ down...but even as the ref's hand pounded against the firm canvas...

ready to go the distance—no matter who the opponent.

While the paramedics worked in hushed concentration around Dusty, The American Dream smiled in wry,

painless contemplation of one who has recently gained self-awareness. For after meeting Abdullah in the ring, neither Dusty or his fans could have any doubt that he has what it takes to face-down Flair. Now, only the technicalities stand in his way.

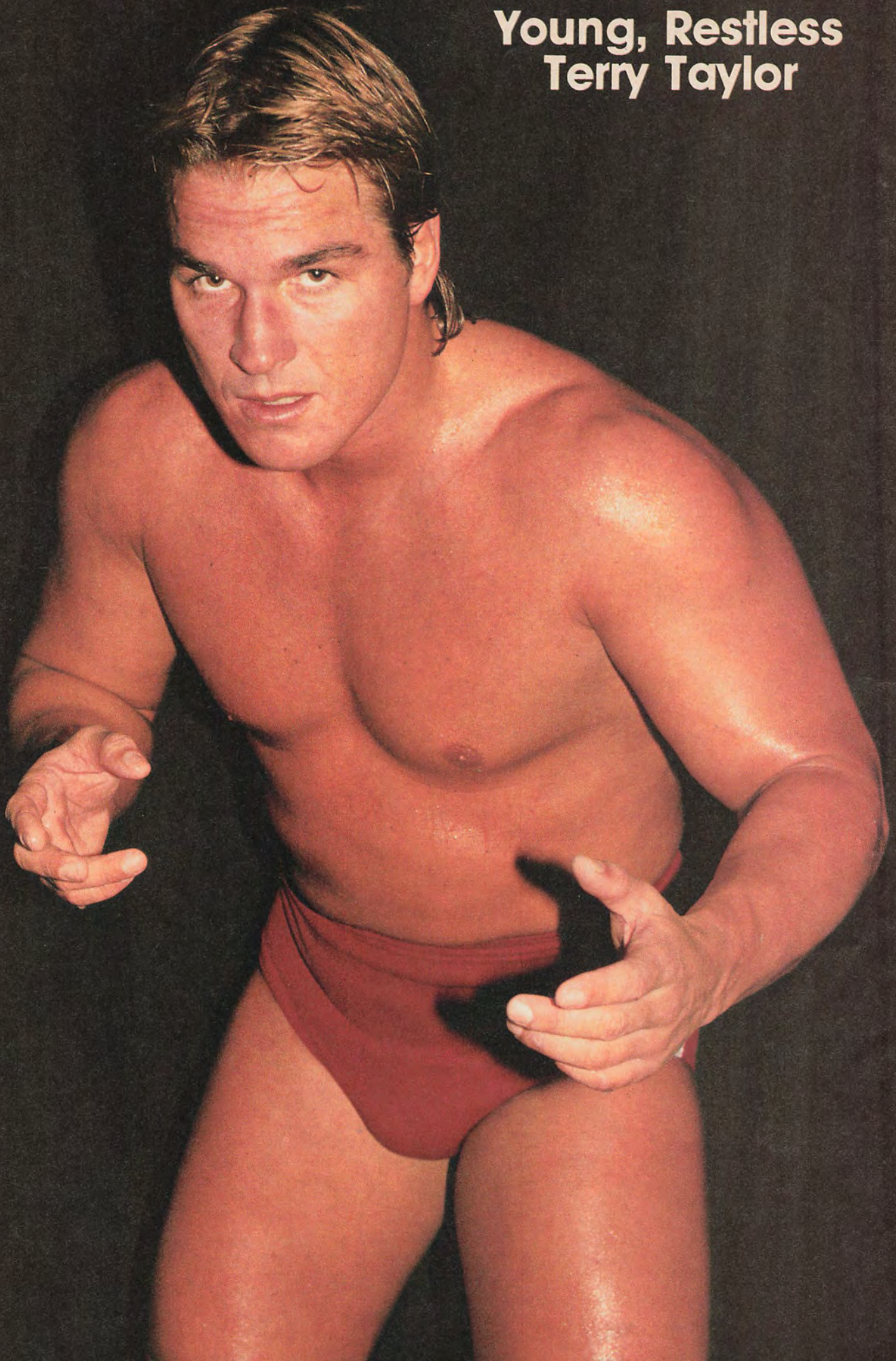
"Dusty, he has what it takes, yes sir, all he has to do is get through to him," Magnum TA recently said about his long time friend and mentor (see our story on Terry Allen also in this issue).

And such is the thinking of many of the better known wrestling pundits. It is only a matter of time before Dusty snatches the golden belt away from Flair. You can forget about the Russians and other denizens of the mat world—the belt will next adorn the waist of the eminently deserving American Dream—say insiders. And that's a statement you don't have to be a Rhodes Scholar or fan to appreciate—just ask the insurance executive, the whiz-kid, or the fry-cook.

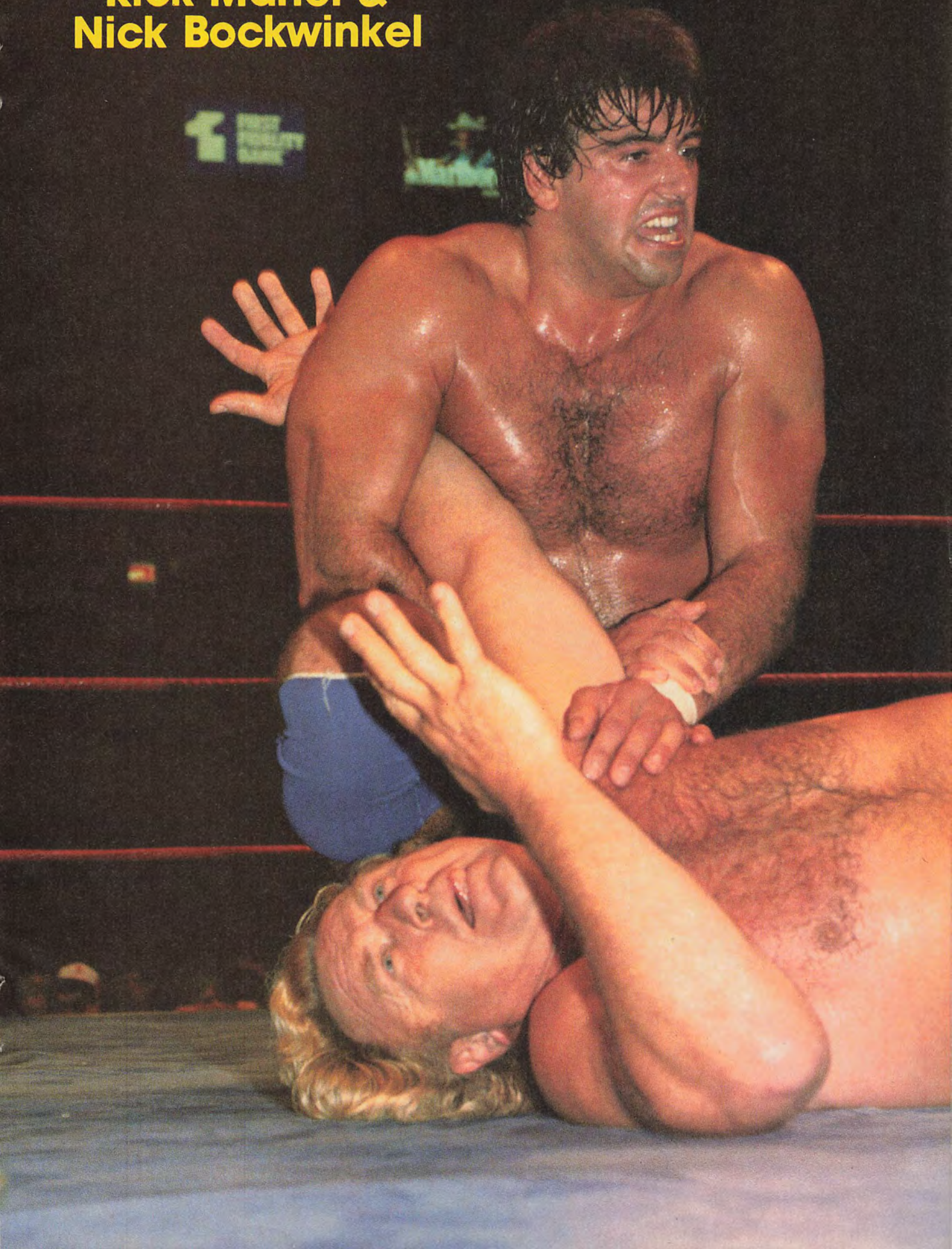
Long-Suffering Dusty Rhodes



**Young, Restless
Terry Taylor**



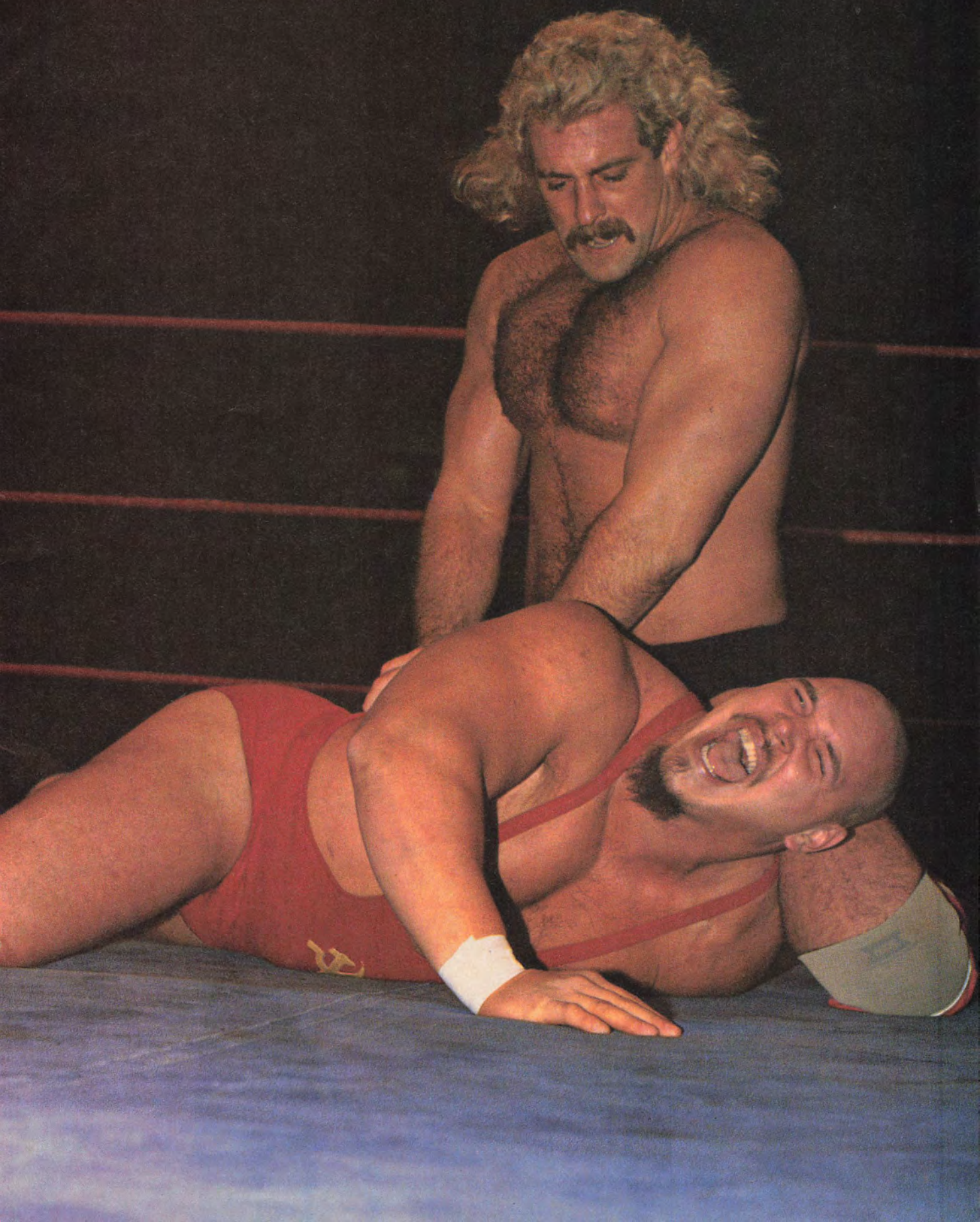
**Rick Martel &
Nick Bockwinkel**



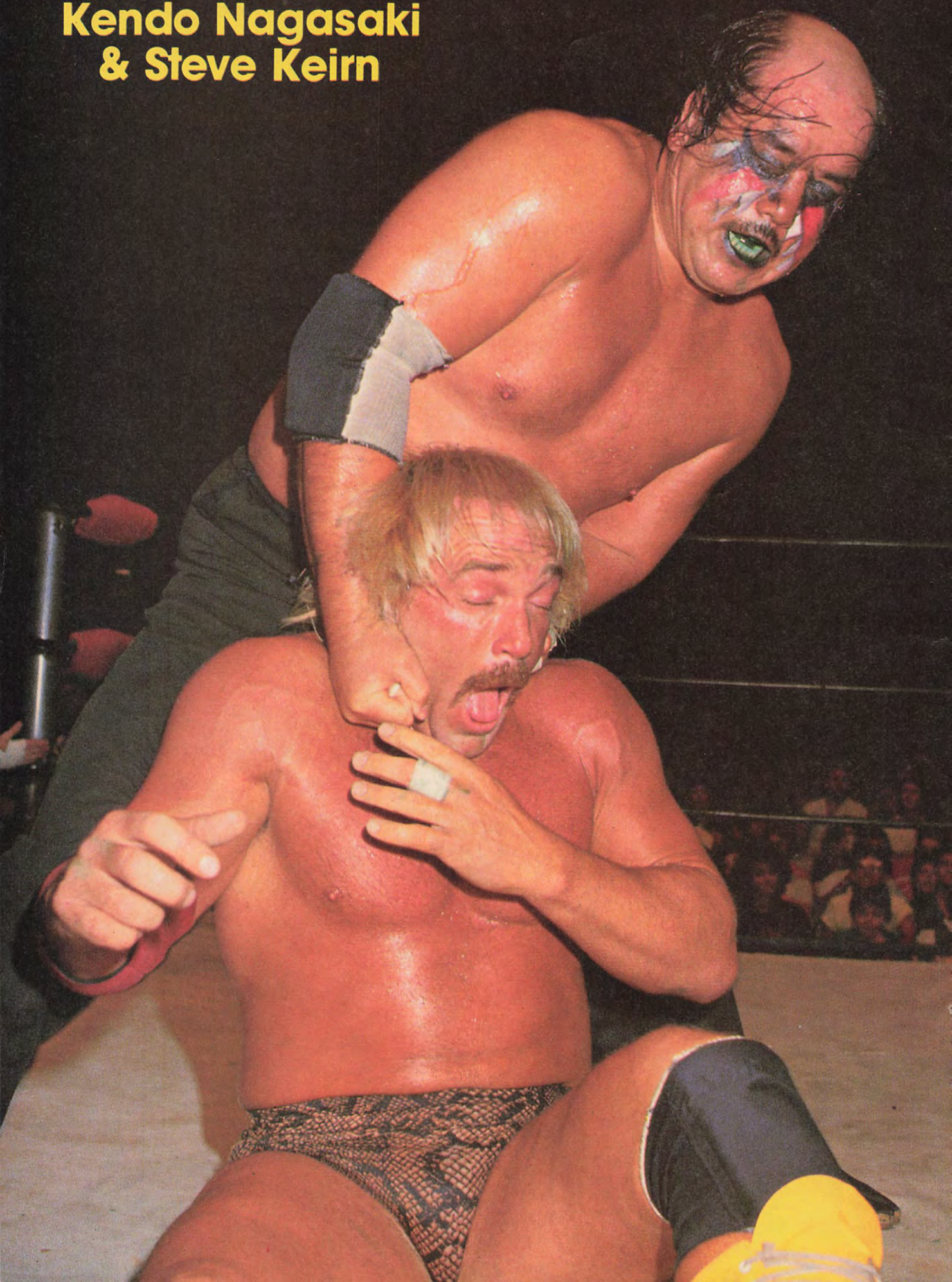
Victorious Black Bart



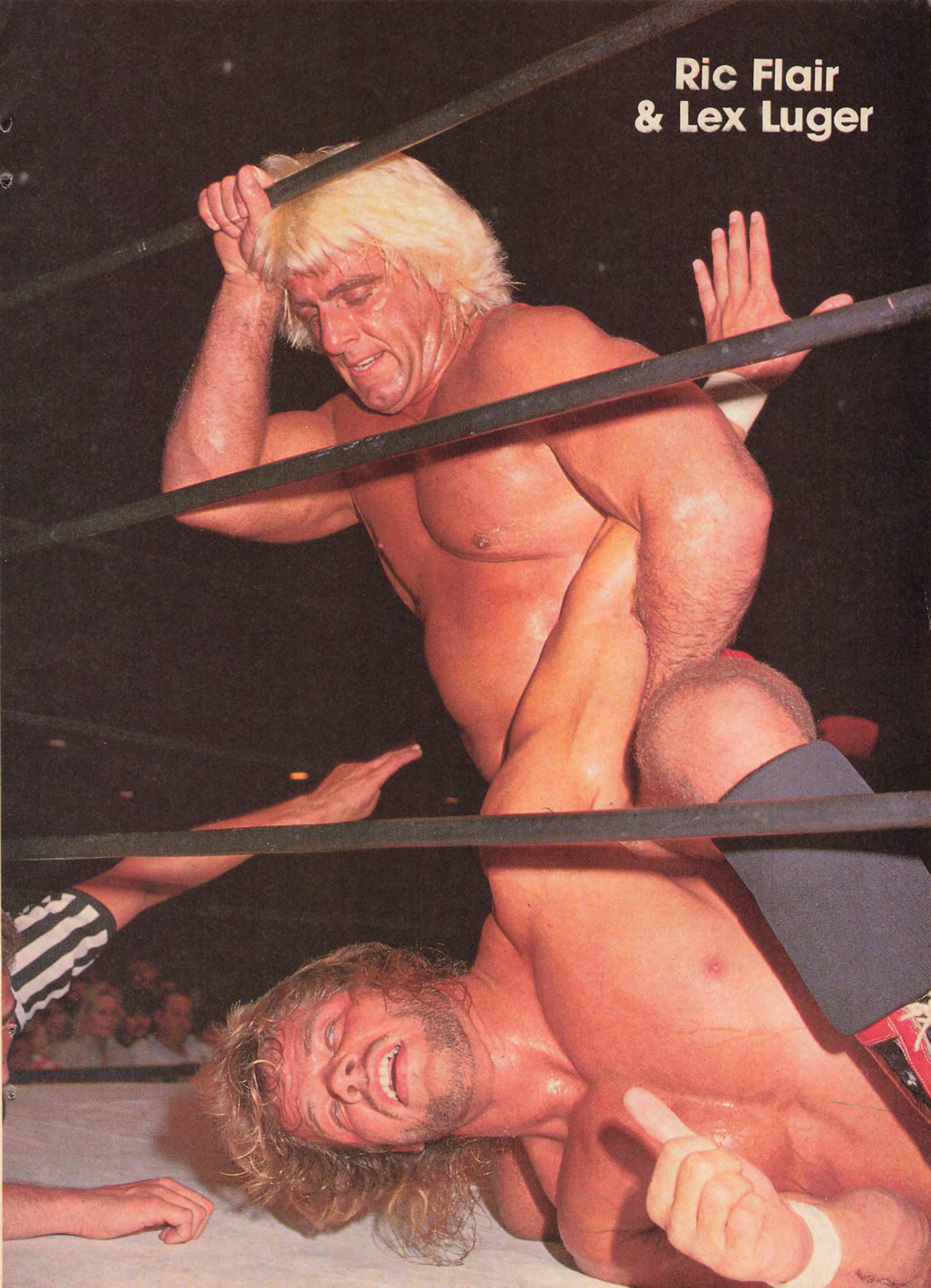
Magnum TA & Nikita Koloff



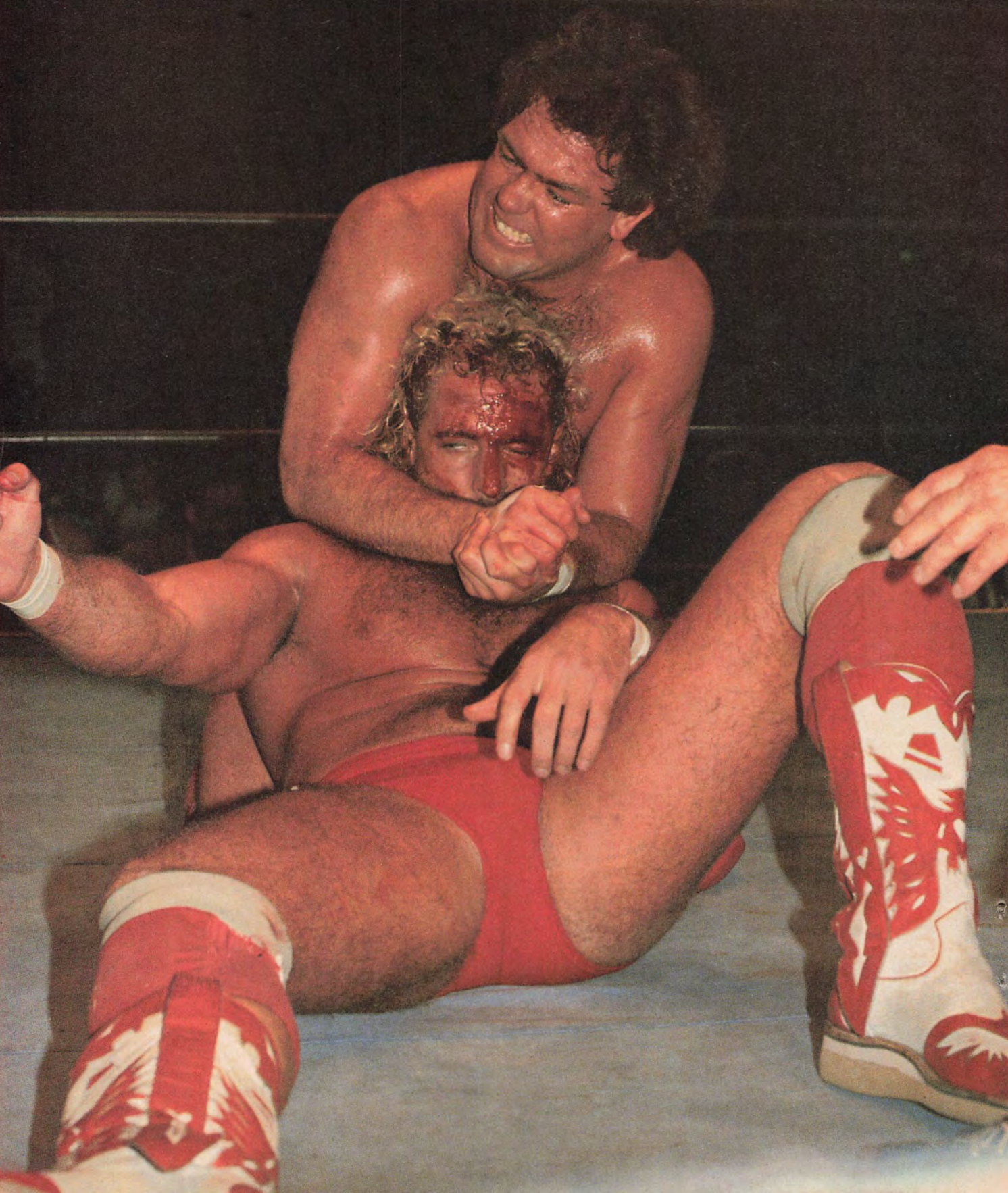
**Kendo Nagasaki
& Steve Keirn**



**Ric Flair
& Lex Luger**



Tully Blanchard & Magnum TA



AROUND THE MAT

(Continued from page 16)

final fall, if the man going for the cover is not T.A., we have a hunch it might be Lex Luger.

Because he is so very new to the ranks of wrestling and so very young, some may say that such a proclamation is by way of jumping the gun. But there is something about this kid...we'll discuss him a bit more later.

Dennis Condrey and Bobby Eaton's Midnight Express carry the banner as N.W.A. tag champs. They are being challenged by the legendary Legion of Doom, as well as the team that preceded them as titlists, Rock'n'Rollers Rob Gibson and Ricky Morton—who, if the mail we receive is any measure, are the most popular tandem on earth. Also looking to give the current champs a hard time are the Anderson boys' Minnesota Wrecking Crew and The Fabulous Ones.

Let's talk now about one or two of the N.W.A.'s very best offices. We'll start with Polynesian Pro Wrestling in Hawaii.

There once was a man named Peter. And a better person never walked the face of this earth.

Peter—High Chief Peter Maivia, ac-

tually—was a genuine Samoan Prince. To those of you who aren't all that new to the mat scene, the name Maivia must toll a familiar bell and shake loose a lot of wonderful memories.

Do you remember how that man could wrestle? He was incredible. And so strong: Peter once scooped high over his head and then actually slammed none other than Andre The Giant.

Though promoters like to pretend it never happened, I was there and assure you that he did it.

Peter had a way of being all things to all people.

And he was my friend.

It was he who tried reasoning, cajolery and, finally, not talking to me all over my then-unfulfilled dream of becoming a reporter in the sport that,

JIMMY POWERS



PETER MAIVIA



Peter said, would never accept me, never thank me and someday drive me crazy with its small-minded intolerance of any who are different. But as I showed a burning resolve to make it no-matter-what, it was he who came through to teach me all I would need in order to become "the very best." With Peter there was never any such thing as a job half-done. And when, exactly as he'd predicted it would go down, the dumb prejudice of a so-called colleague caused me more pain than I could take, it was Peter who cried with me. He knew all about what happens to those who are different but dare think they can dream dreams and go after life's brass rings the same as anyone else.

Peter's gone now, but the man another colleague of mine so aptly called The Happy Warrior lives on in not only the hearts of his many friends but in the promotion he founded. Here is the place for the astounding wealth of Polynesian talent to come and soar just as high as their talents will take them rather than only where the color of their skin will allow them to go.

Nowadays the group is being run by my friend's wife who tries so hard to keep things up to the exalted calibre

that would make Peter proud while, in the tradition of the name she carries, Lia Maivia is the very soul of all that is good and kind. Everyone calls her Mama.

Frequently with Polynesian Pro Wrestling are such as Jerry Lawlor, Mike Graham, Jimmy Snuka, and Rocky Johnson. (Now, here we have a prize bit of prejudice at its stupidest: Rocky Johnson is an exceptional grappler. Only trouble is he thought his outstanding ring repertoire would be enough to see him through, and he therefore never learned to breakdance, shine shoes, talk that cute jive rap, or kiss butt. And, so, you rarely see Johnson in mainland arenas. What a downer.)

Because the Hawaiian-based group is part of the N.W.A., along with its own, brilliantly turned-out people, their cards frequently feature Ric Flair, Tully Blanchard, Magnum T.A., and so many of the others who make the Alliance all that it is.

However, something big is in the works that we want to tell you about because, with so many Americans choosing to visit their own country this year, we figured that some of you might be getting to Hawaii. If so, make sure that your trip will allow you to be in Honolulu on August 9th. That's the night Mrs. Maivia has planned to kick off the group's annual spectacular which, year after year, grows in greatness. This time, there'll be better than fifty mat legends on hand in whose number, aside from the N.W.A.'s best, will be those fabulous boys from Japan—like Antonio Inoki and Tatsumi Fujinami who you just *have* to see in action—as well as at least some of those who have never forgotten just how much they owe Peter... folks like Snuka, The Wild Samoans and Mr. Johnson.

The event will be held in the island's Aloha Stadium. We're going to try to be there and hope we see all of you. This, I promise, is something you won't want to miss.

Now, let's talk about Championship Wrestling from Florida. This remains the flagship—the promotion whose state-of-the-art perfection makes them the measuring stick by which all other wrestling is judged. And, by the way, whatever Peter forgot to teach me about our sport, I learned from listening to the great commentary of Florida, M.C. Gordon Solie. He is the absolute Master. The youngster we told you about, Lex Luger, quietly inched his way up the ranks and...devastatingly...defeated Wahoo McDaniel for the area's chief title. The Chicago-born bruiser is a dream of strength, skill and speed that is knocking the socks off all who see him. We repeat: He is special.

Also around is The Haitian Sensation

Tyree Pride who holds the promo's Bahamas title.

With the above two, as well as such formidable forces as Maha Singh, Kendo Nagasaki, The White Ninja, Kendall's brother Barry, The Fabulous Ones, you have to agree that brilliant wrestling is merely standard operating procedure for our friends in the sunshine state.

Now we get to the

AWA REPORT

The big, bad hombre out of Borger Texas is still very much this promotion's champ. He's been seeing ac-

ly the A.W.A.'s most spectacular piece of talent—with which all around will have to reckon.

So, despite who still manages to wear their belts, Brody's presence has got to mean that things are starting to look up for the troubled promotion.

**HERE...THERE...
& EVERYWHERE**

We'd recently said that independent promotions were starting to come into their own and, as if deranged with the idea of proving us correct, new and better groups are



ANGELO MOSCA JR. and HARLEY RACE

tion against Sgt. Slaughter, Scott Hall, Greg Gagne, Brad Rheingans, and former champ Ric Martel.

Curt Hennig and Scott Hall are the tag champs. They've been doing their duty against such teams as The Barbarian and The Stomper, Shari Martel's team of Doug Sommers and Playboy Buddy Rose, The Long Riders, as well as Greg Gagne and The Sarge.

But the big news is that the group now boasts the impressive presence of Bruiser Brody. This is a force—certain-

springing up all over.

First there's Texas: Over in World Class Wrestling is found the entire Von Erich dynasty, Rick Rude, Bruiser Brody, The Missing Link, Iceman Parsons, Brickhouse Brown, Mark Youngblood, Brian Adidas, The Fabulous Freebirds, One Man Gang, The Fantastics, and the Ugandan Giant Kamala.

In Texas All-Star we find the fabulous Tonga Kid, Chris Adams, Al Madril, The Austin Idol, Wahoo McDaniel, Butch Cassidy, Sika of The Wild Sa-



DON KEROODLE

moans, Tom Jones, and Killer Brooks.

Meanwhile, New York has a new promotion led by ex-boxer, Ed Post. He's been presenting such as Billy Graham, Ivan Putsky, Ox Baker, Dr. D, Blackjack Mulligan, J.P. Suther, and Mighty Mike Kimmel. Now there's a name with a familiar ring to it.

If you're around the tri-state area (N.Y., N.J. or Connecticut) why don't you give Ed a call and see what he's got lined up. His number is 212-344-8058.

And if you're into wrestling videos, you want to talk to our old buddy,

Norman Kietzer. Norm can be reached in care of

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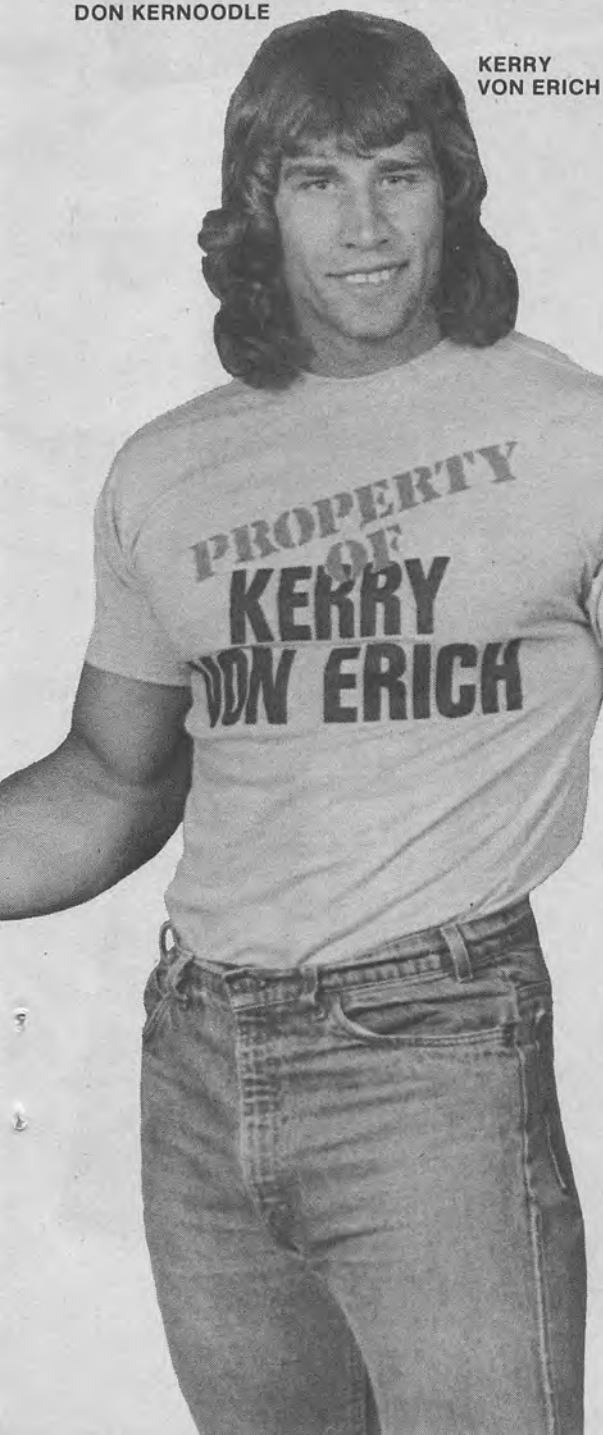
Enjoy the rest of the magazine. And please let us know what you think. Every one of your cards and letters is not only read but appreciated. Send your comments to

Championship Wrestling

1115 Broadway

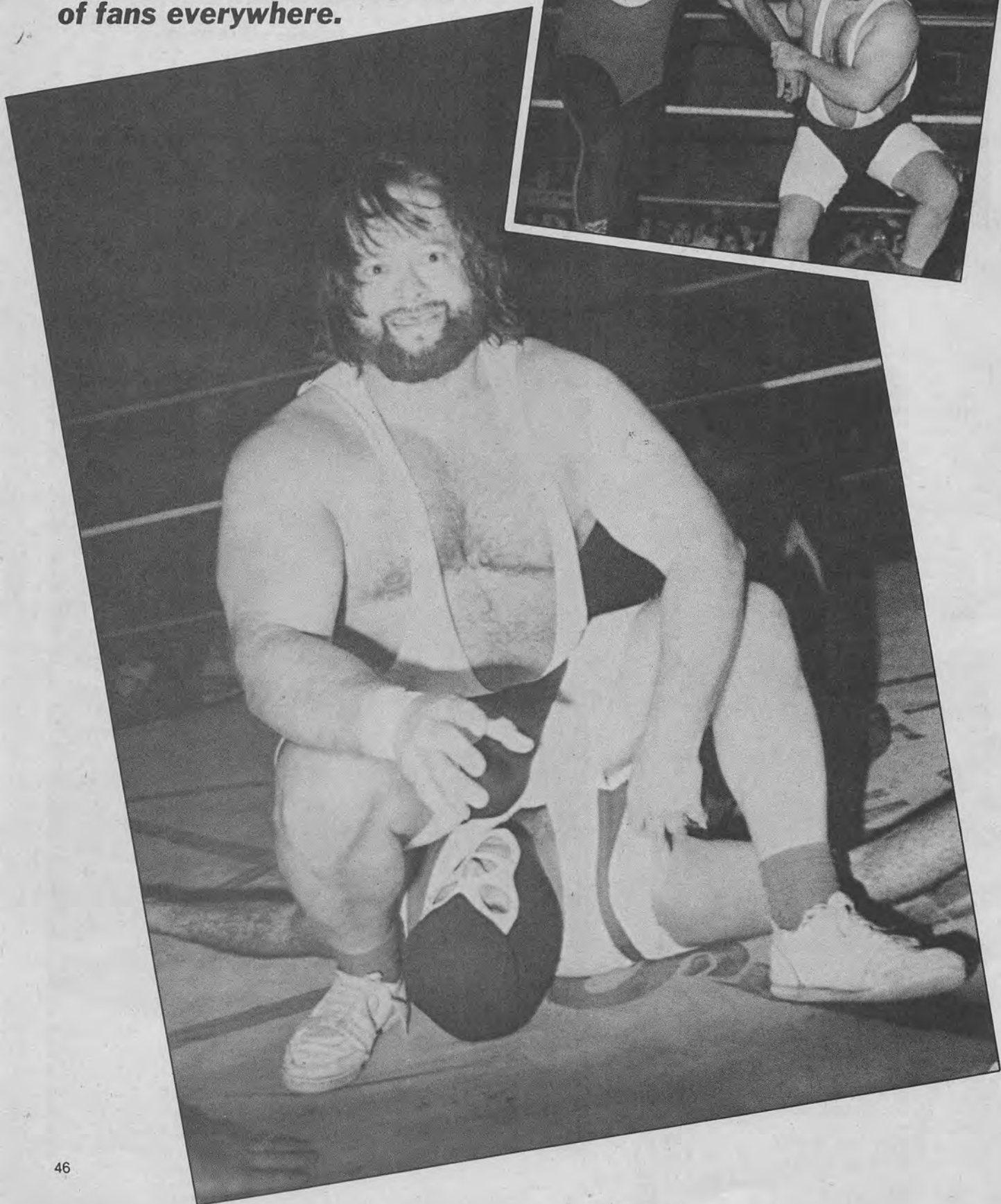
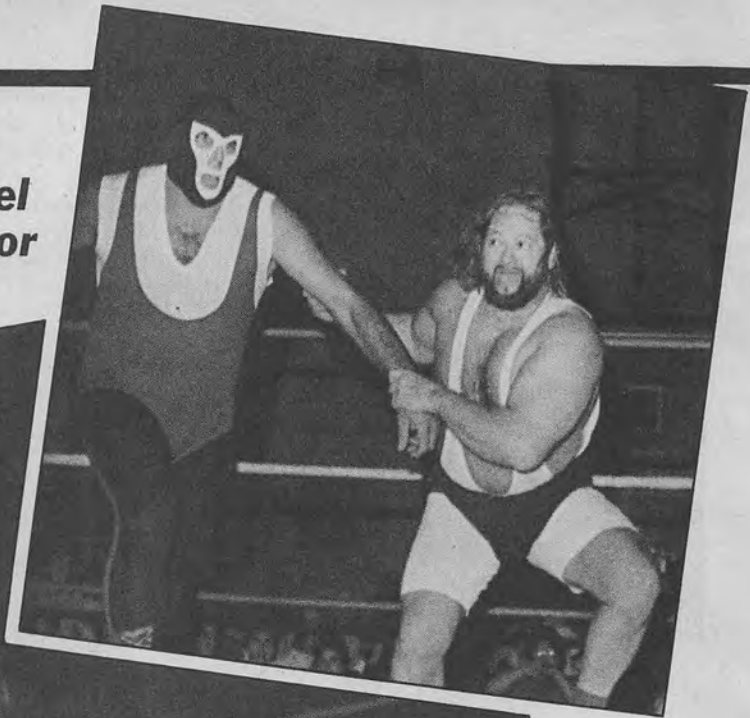
New York, NY 10010

TERRY FUNK



**KERRY
VON ERICH**

Ageless, irrepressible, forever wrestling's happy child, an angel with guts and brawn, Mighty Igor continues to enthrall legions of fans everywhere.



MIGHTY IGOR:

THE GLOBE-TROTTING AMBASSADOR

OF WRESTLING

Photos And Text
By Mr. Frank Amato

One thing all professional wrestlers have in common is the constant traveling. Trying to fulfill wrestling dates from one city to another. They also travel abroad to various foreign countries like Mexico, Canada, Japan, England, Germany, Australia, Singapore, India, Arabia, and Korea. Wherever wrestling is allowed. One such wrestler who has seen these places and wrestled in them all is The Mighty Igor.

Mighty Igor has campaigned in more foreign countries than any other grappler in the business.

Says Igor, "Wherever I hang my hat I wrestle. At one time in my long career which extends over twenty years I would stay within an area for two or three years. This is good for while it lasts, but I feel a wrestler can overstay his welcome. You can become part of the woodwork, so to speak. For the past ten years I've traveled extensively all over the world. I couldn't believe the fans in countries like India or Singapore knew me so well. When I walk down the aisle to the ring they scream 'IGOR! IGOR!' It really warms my heart. I guess wrestling fans are the same worldwide."

Igor Vodik originally comes from Poland but grew up in America. He became a wrestling fan by watching it on TV. One of his all time favorites was legendary Verne Gagne.

Igor knew what he wanted to be. He was also gifted with great strength and worked on his body in the gym. It was former wrestler Ivan

Kalmikoff who became interested in young Igor and later became his manager for many great years.

Igor says, "I have to credit Ivan with my success. He looked after me like a mother Hen. He supervised my wrestling training and taught me the ropes. He knew of my superior strength and thought of various ways to spark interest in myself. Whenever we would enter a new territory we would film various feats of strength. I would hold back big cars like Lincolns and Cadillacs or pick-up trucks by placing my back against a wall and my feet against the bumper, then the driver would start these vehicles and attempt to accelerate. I never failed in these attempts."

Igor smiles over one particular venture. "I believe it was Minneapolis where I attempted to lift this big truck. The truck was wrapped with big straps attached to a hook. I was placed on a scaffold high above the arena trying to lift the truck. Well, about halfway up, the hook snapped; the truck plummeted below, and this

hook shot upwards to where I was nearly brained & came this close to getting knocked right off the scaffold. I could have been killed."

One feat of strength Mighty Igor is well noted for is having Ivan Kalmikoff swing a sledgehammer as

"...all over...like India and Singapore...they scream 'IGOR! IGOR!' ...I guess wrestling fans are the same worldwide..."

Igor held a cement block on his head or chest. The idea was for Kalmikoff to break that cement block. It worked each and every time, and the fans loved it. Igor remembers one time in Buffalo N.Y. when things almost went awry. Says Igor, "We arrived at the arena and I was lifting this cement block from the truck when it fell and broke. I went down the



Above, opposite: Mighty Igor sets the evil Dr. X up for a stinging Irish whip. Crashing off the ropes, the masked man falls to the mat, and the gentle behemoth effortlessly moves in for the pin. On the right, a familiar clamor of fans congratulates Poland's best ambassador.

IGOR

basement of the arena and found this cement cornerstone. Now you must remember this is solid concrete. I always worked with the same kind of cement block they use for building.

"Well, this cornerstone was on my head now, and Ivan swung the sledgehammer. WHAM! The sledgehammer bounced off but nothing happened. My head went down from the impact. Ivan looked at me and asked if I was okay. I nodded and told him to continue. On the next swing the cornerstone broke. The fans cheered wildly. I'll be honest: I didn't think the darn thing would break."

Mighty Igor is remembered for his



Though as easy-going as they come, Igor is one gentle giant you'd better not rile. Above, the Polish strongman smilingly invites his opponent to step out of the ring for what (see photo at left) is something more than a friendly chat.



sweet, happy-go-lucky, almost childish attitude in the ring. The young wrestling fans love him. They present toys to him in the ring and Igor plays with them. This from a 275 pound 5'10 1/2" wrestler decked out in black trunks with cut-off longjohns.

Mighty Igor remembers how this all started, "I was feuding with Dr. X, a masked wrestler, when a fan handed me this rubber duck that went 'Quack' when squeezed. This

"Oh sure, I wrestle for titles; but I love just being in the ring."

infuriated Dr. X and ever since fans always give me toys. After the matches I would send these toys to various hospitals, schools and orphanages for the children. I love kids. I still try to visit kids at hospitals and orphanages, and they love seeing me. It does the heart good. I'm a kid at heart and always will be."

Mighty Igor attained the pinnacle of wrestling by capturing the AWA World Heavyweight Championship from Maurice "Mad Dog" Vachon in Omaha Nebraska on May 15, 1965. This was short lived as Vachon regained the belt on May 22, 1965.

Says Igor, "I was champion for only seven days. But I was champion.

You know championships never really interested me. Oh sure, I wrestle for titles; but I love just being in the ring. Maybe it's my happy-go-lucky attitude or not taking things too seriously."

Mighty Igor has had his fair share of feuds and many of them have become classics.

"This LeDuc is strong, but so far he hasn't bested me...Nobody has."

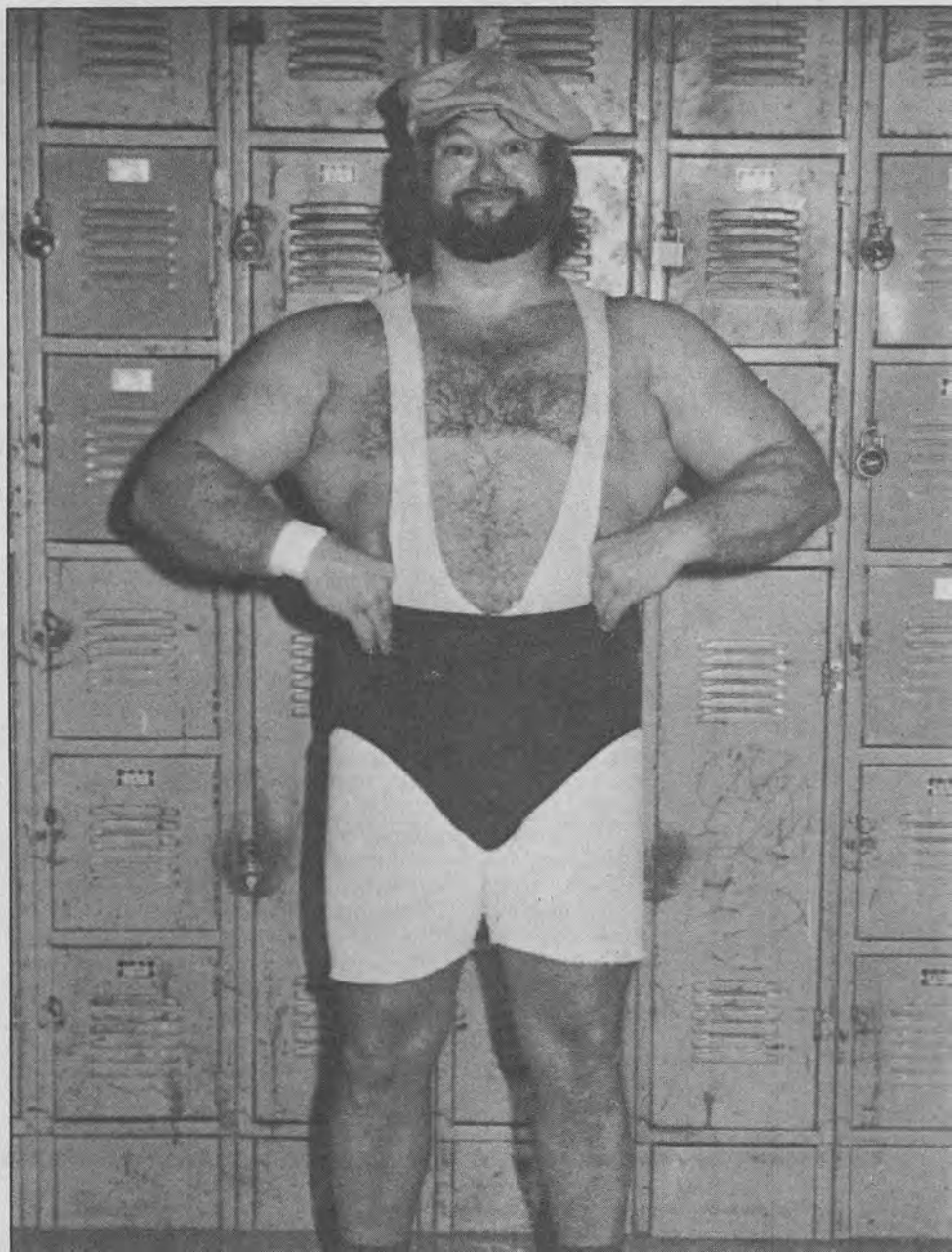


The Pole takes a moment out to toss the ref a few kind words, while his adversary is caught tight in the steel shackle that is Igor's arm. The two get down to business above, while later finds Igor modeling for our camera the latest in ring attire.

He tells us, "I feuded with Dick the Bruiser, Crusher Lisowski, Harley Race, Mad Dog Vachon, Bulldog Brower, Dr. X, Ivan Koloff, and Ox Baker. My biggest feud of all was against The Sheik. We had some wild ones in Detroit. The Sheik would do anything to win. You know he always likes to carve up your face or arms with that taped weapon. Then he would try this fireball into the eyes. Once he nearly blinded me but luckily I turned away and caught most of it on my back. He's a maniac.

Right now Mighty Igor is campaigning in the Caribbean where he is feuding with WWC North American Champion Joe LeDuc. Says Igor, "This LeDuc is strong, but so far he hasn't bested me in strength. Nobody has. I love the fans here. They are marvelous."

So Igor is traveling as usual. Thrilling the fans. The Globe-Trotting Ambassador of Wrestling. When he passes your way, don't miss him. You are in for a major treat. •



What's The World Coming To?



Wrestlemania 2 Of Course!

The shot heard round the world was sounded when *WrestleMania 2*, hyped and heralded as the greatest sports spectacular of all, played to unprecedented S.R.O. crowds all across the globe.

By John Cirillo

What do you get when you stage a worldwide television extravaganza from three live locations, featuring entertainment giants like Joan Rivers, Susan Saint James, Robert Conrad, Refrigerator Perry, Ray Charles, Cathy Lee Crosby, Tommy Lasorda, Smokin' Joe Frazier, Ozzy Osbourne, Ricky Schroder, Cab Calloway, Mr. T., and G. Gordon Liddy?

The answer is one of the following: (a) *Wrestlemania 2*; (b) A Bob Hope Special; (c) Those in attendance at a Los Angeles Dodgers game; (d) The cast for the second filming of "Gone With the Wind"; or (e) Guests on the Johnny Carson Show for the next month.

Of course, the correct answer is

(a) *Wrestlemania 2*, the April 7 mat extravaganza which its promoters billed as "What The World Is Coming To!"

Indeed, they were out in droves to witness the World Wrestling Federation spectacular that was showcased live from the Nassau Veterans' Memorial Coliseum in Uniondale, New York, The Rosemont Horizon in suburban Chicago, and the Sports Arena in Los Angeles, California, as well as via an elaborate round-the-world cable hook-up which allowed millions of additional mat enthusiasts, from N.Y. to Tokyo. To also view this colossal event, each arena had a live main event of its own, with its own special moments to remember. And, indeed, it was a night to remember.

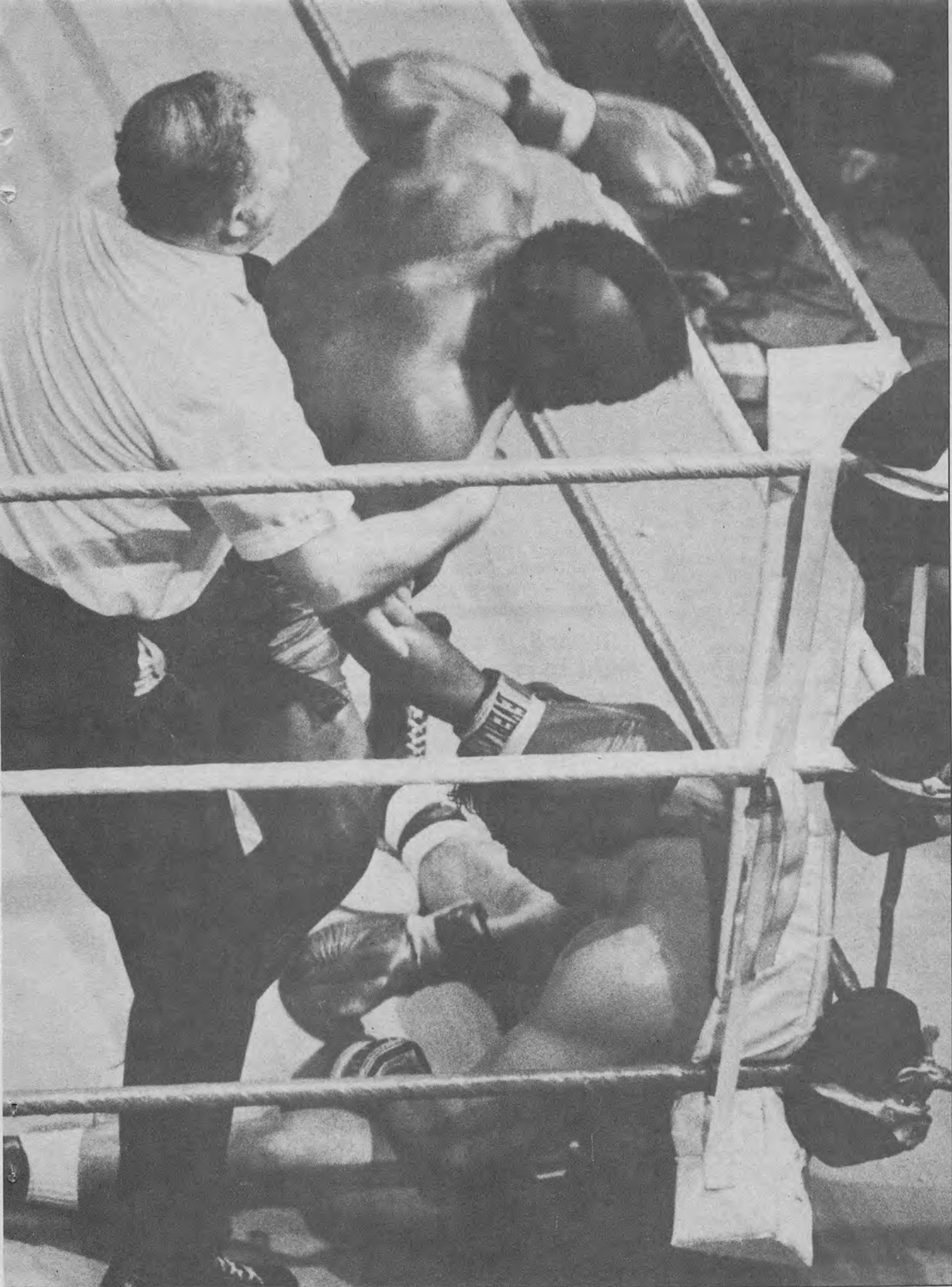
The festivities kicked off at Nassau, where Vince McMahon, WWF mogul and resident genius, introduced his

lovely co-host, the actress Susan Saint James, and then pronounced *Wrestlemania 2* "the greatest sports spectacular or all-time."

The legendary Ray Charles's stirring rendition of "America the Beautiful" was to follow, and the crowd was already at a fever pitch before the opening bell.

Arch-rivals The Magnificent Don Muraco and "Mr. Wonderful" Paul Orndorff

underscores his point with a chair. The music proved too much for Jake "The Snake" Roberts and George Wells who look ready to dance—But where's Damien?—while Randy Savage and George "The Animal" Steele execute an amazing do-si-do. On a more philosophical note, Mr. T and this ref ponder the age-old question: "What does a Scotsman wear 'neath his kilt?"



WRESTLE ★ ★ MANIA ★ ★

forff entered the Nassau ring to get the action started. It was a vicious struggle that ended without a clear-cut victor.

The finely-chiseled Orndorff and the Hawaiian strongman Muraco battled tooth-and-nail, with neither giving an inch nor gaining a decisive advantage.

When the two took their fierce struggle onto the arena floor, the referee counted both men out, leaving the decision of who was truly the better man for another arena on another date.

Next up was the Intercontinental title defense of Randy (Macho Man) Savage versus the highly-unorthodox George (The Animal) Steele. The grizzly Animal twice chased the titleholder from the ring at the outset of the match, and after a third time left the ring as well, to sink his teeth into the Macho Man's calf, which had Savage limping.

Savage and Steele each had the upperhand at various junctures in the match, with the Animal in control more often, at one point tearing up the turnbuckles in a patented move, and raking the stuffings into the eyes and mouth of the Macho Man. But Steele's infatuation with the beautiful Elizabeth, Savage's manager, proved to be the Animal's downfall.

Even though Steele had Macho Man cornered near the turnbuckle into which he drove the champ's face time and time again, Savage utilized the ring ropes for leverage to pin Steele and retain the championship with a quick maneuver.

One of the WWF's most bizarre competitors in ages, Jake (The Snake) Roberts, with constant companion Damian, a giant-sized python, took on Canadian football star George Wells. While Wells had the Snake reeling early



Ray Charles sings his classic, "America."



G. Gordon Liddy tells how the big boys do it...

with a series of body blocks, flying head scissors, forearm smashes and knee lifts, Roberts ultimately prevailed when he drove Wells head-first into the

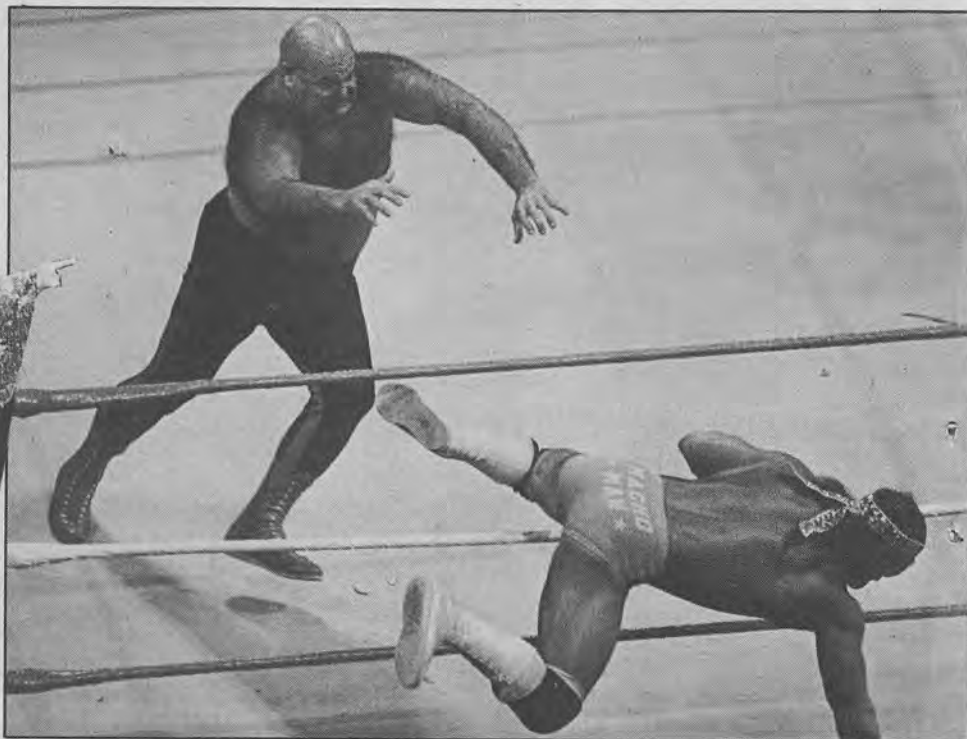
...Indeed, it was a night to remember.

mat for a rapid pin fall. But Roberts was not finished. Opening a large canvas bag, out came the python, and Roberts had him all over Wells. The former footballer, who was never hit as hard on

the grid iron, felt the wrath of Damian, who wrapped itself around his neck and torso before the referee finally convinced Roberts to separate the two. Why WWF officials allow Roberts to bring the snake into the ring, tolerating such ridiculous and barbaric behavior, is another story entirely.

The main event at Nassau pitted television's Mr. T, from the A Team, against the diabolical Rowdy Roddy Piper in a boxing match, which had all the earmarks of a championship fight from yesteryear.

Former champion and boxing legend Smokin' Joe Frazier was in Mr. T's





Now we know where Burger King's Herb was...

corner, while Piper's regular sidekick Cowboy Bob (Ace) Orton, along with boxing wiz Lou Duva, accompanied the Scotsman, as comedienne Joan Riv-

"...Hulkamania will live forever..."

ers introduced the combatants.

ROUND ONE: Piper and Mr. T are feeling each other out, and while some decent blows are exchanged, the round was a quiet one.



M.C. Vince McMahon knows his wrestling and ain't no slouch with the ladies either. Here he is with Susan St. James.



ROUND TWO: Piper takes control with a series of big right hands which sent "T" down for a count of eight. Mr. T, on his feet but whobbly-legged, resumes with 19 seconds left on the clock, and again Piper unloads with Mr. T going down as the round concludes. Rowdy Roddy throws in a kick to the fallen T's mid-section for good measure.

ROUND THREE: Mr. T, somehow resurgent, takes complete control of the bout with a series of left hooks that have Piper reeling. Piper is knocked out of the ring. With legs that resemble elastic, Piper somehow survives the round.

Randy Savage makes like Madame Butterfly and gives the peasants a gander at his gorgeous garb. But George Steele seems unmoved. It must have been the sequins.

WRESTLE ★ ★ MANIA ★ ★

ROUND FOUR: Mr. T opens up with a powerful right, and then the hated rivals heat it up with a long exchange of blows. Piper connects with a resounding right hand, but goes berserk by assaulting the referee and finally body-slammng Mr. T at which point all hell broke loose and the fan favorite was awarded the match because of a disqualification.

The scene shifts to Chicago, where six former or present National Football League stars would mix it up with each other and 14 of pro wrestling's greats in an Over-The-Top Battle Royal.

A half dozen rugged N.F.L. luminaries as well as fourteen of matdom's most ferocious movers and shakers were headlined in this winner-take-all, each-man-for-himself, over-the-top-rope battle royale.

Before the battle royale's excitement, the Fabulous Moolah, who had only recently recaptured her previously held woman's championship, made quick work of challenger Velvet McIntyre:



tyre: American hero Corporal Kirschner defended the pride of the USA by pinning Soviet sensation Nikolai Volkoff when the Russian's manager Fred Blassie's move of tossing his cane to Volkoff backfired. Kirschner intercepted the cane, slugged Volkoff over the head and pinned the Russian's shoulders to the canvas before raising the American flag in victory.

And on to the Battle Royal, with tons of poundage in the ring, here are the participants: Jimbo Covert of the Chicago Bears, former WWF kingpin Pedro Morales, Mr. USA Tony Atlas, the world's strongest man Ted Arcidi, former Dallas Cowboy Harvey Martin, wrestlers Danny Spivey, Hillbilly Jim and King Tonga, former Pittsburgh Steeler Ernie Holmes, The Iron Shiek and the Killer Bees, Atlanta Falcons

here, double and triple teaming there! The Fridge hooked up with Studd and Andre at various junctures in the match. The crowd roared when Perry, after being eliminated by Studd, extended his hand to Big John in a token of congratulations. Studd fell for the ploy at the Refridgerator pulled him over the top rope, eliminating him from contention.

But, when all was said and done, there really were no surprises. Andre The Giant stood tall again in center ring, eliminating Russ Francis, Jim Neidhart and Brett Hart to once again triumph as the King of the Battle Royals.

It was on to Los Angeles then where there was action galore leading up to the main event-finale of Hulk Hogan defending his WWF Heavyweight



Mr. T and Roddy Piper share a rare moment of silence surrounded by their entourages. Then the ring is cleared for the final faceoff, and each come out swinging.

strongman Bill Fralic, battle royal expert John Studd, the Hart Foundation, the SF 49ers Russ Francis, wrestling's living legend Bruno Sammartino, William (the Refridgerator) Perry of the Super Bowl Champion Chicago Bears, and the King of the Battle Royal Andre the Giant were all introduced to the roar of the crowd.

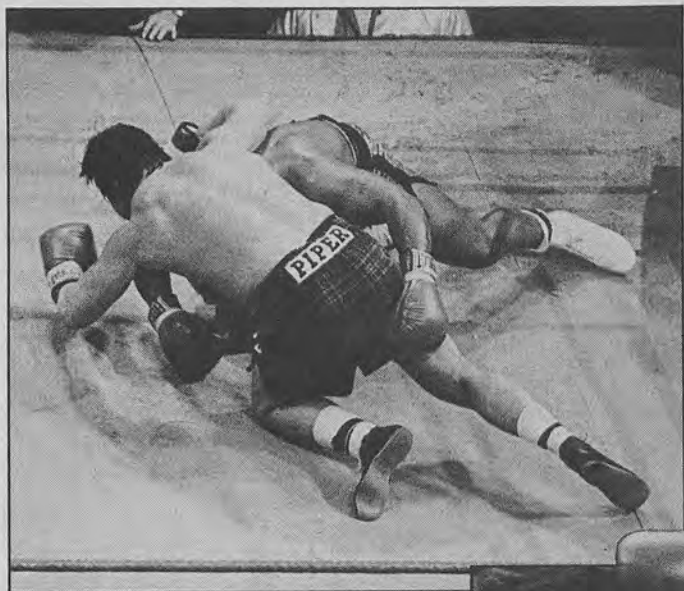
Complete mayhem is the only way to describe the proceedings which would follow; how on earth the ring capable of holding all that tonnage is a miraculous event in itself.

There were individual confrontations

Championship against King Kong Bundy in the not-so-friendly confines of the steel cage.

Before the matches at the LA Sports Arena, Hogan stated his case for going into the bout with cracked ribs: "This is for the title. Hulkamania will live forever. I'll stand behind this world title like a man." Atlantic City's Bundy boasted: "Every time Hogan and Bundy get into the ring, it's Hulk Hogan that lies helpless like a fish out of water. I will be the next heavyweight champion." The fans' collective appetite had been whet for a giant struggle, but first the prelims:

The British Bulldogs—Dynamite Kid and Davey Boy Smith—with rock star Ozzy Osbourne in their corner along with manager Lou Albano, pulled off a



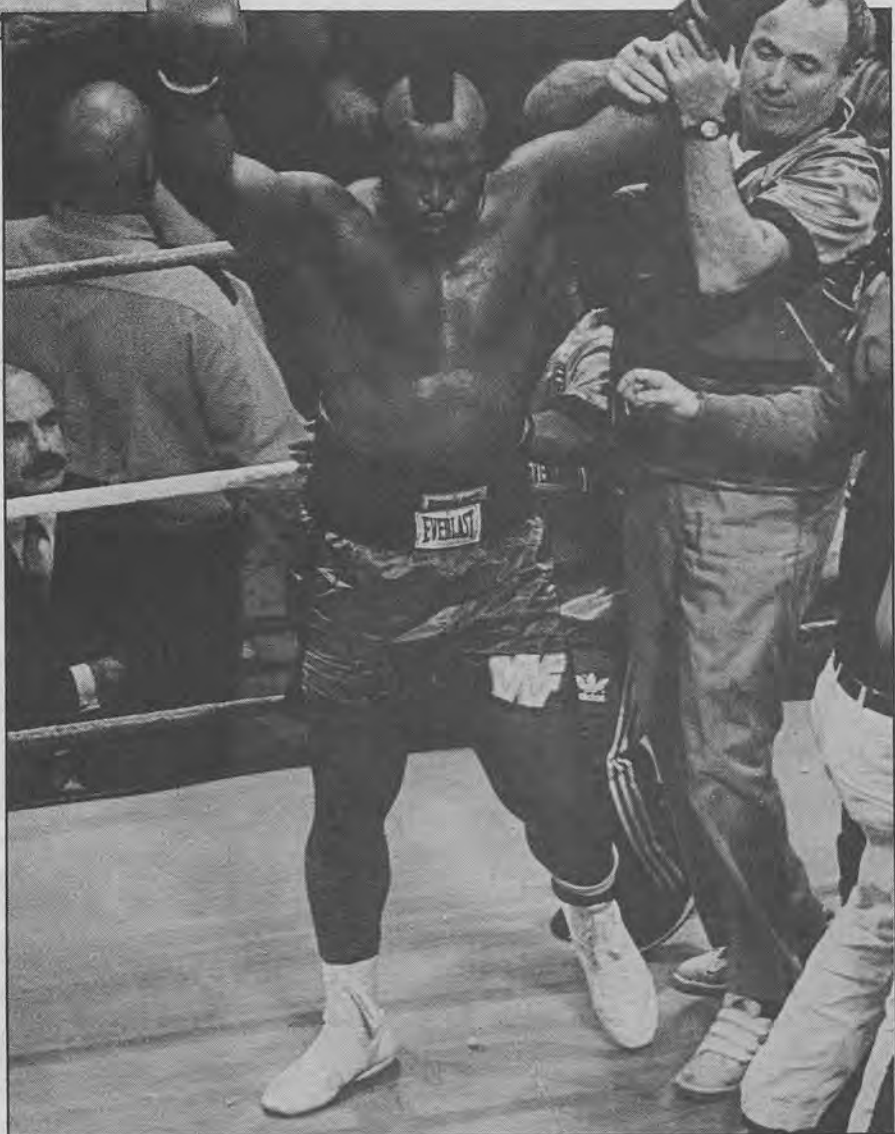
Roddy downs T. but victory flees as T regroups to send the killed wonder sprawling, and the man with the Mohawk is given the duke by DQ.—With dreams of becoming another Tunny ended, Hot Rod might now consider a career in wrestling.

major upset by taking the WWF tag team titles from Brutus Beefcake and Greg Valentine. The match ended when Smith slammed Valentine's head into the waiting noggin of Dynamite Kid, rendering his helpless to combat the three-count. "I feel so good, so fine, so proud," declared Captain Albano following the victory; Ricky Steamboat upended Hercules Hernandez with a leap off the top rope; Adorable Adrian Adonis made quick work of Uncle Elmer; and the Funk Brothers—Hoss and Terry—manhandled Junkyard Dog and Tito Santana.

It was time for the coup de grace when LA Dodgers Manager Tommy LaSorda, serving as the special ring announcer, introduced the main event participants after the steel cage had been set up.

Champ Hogan took the early control with a series of fists to Bundy's head; but King Kong would not be denied at least a few moments of glory, not with a chance at the title. Bundy went to work on Hogan's ailing ribs, punching and kicking and stomping which had the Hulkster in agony. Bundy had one foot out of the cage when Hogan yanked him back in. While the move saved the match for Hogan, it was a painful save.

Bundy went to work on the ribs again, pulling off the bandages and then wrapping them around the champ's throat. But Hogan, digging down deep for something extra that has enabled him to defend his title time and time again, turned the tide. Three big right hands to Bundy's mid-section had the challenger at bay. Then the Hulkster slammed Bundy's head—full force—into the steel cage, opening up

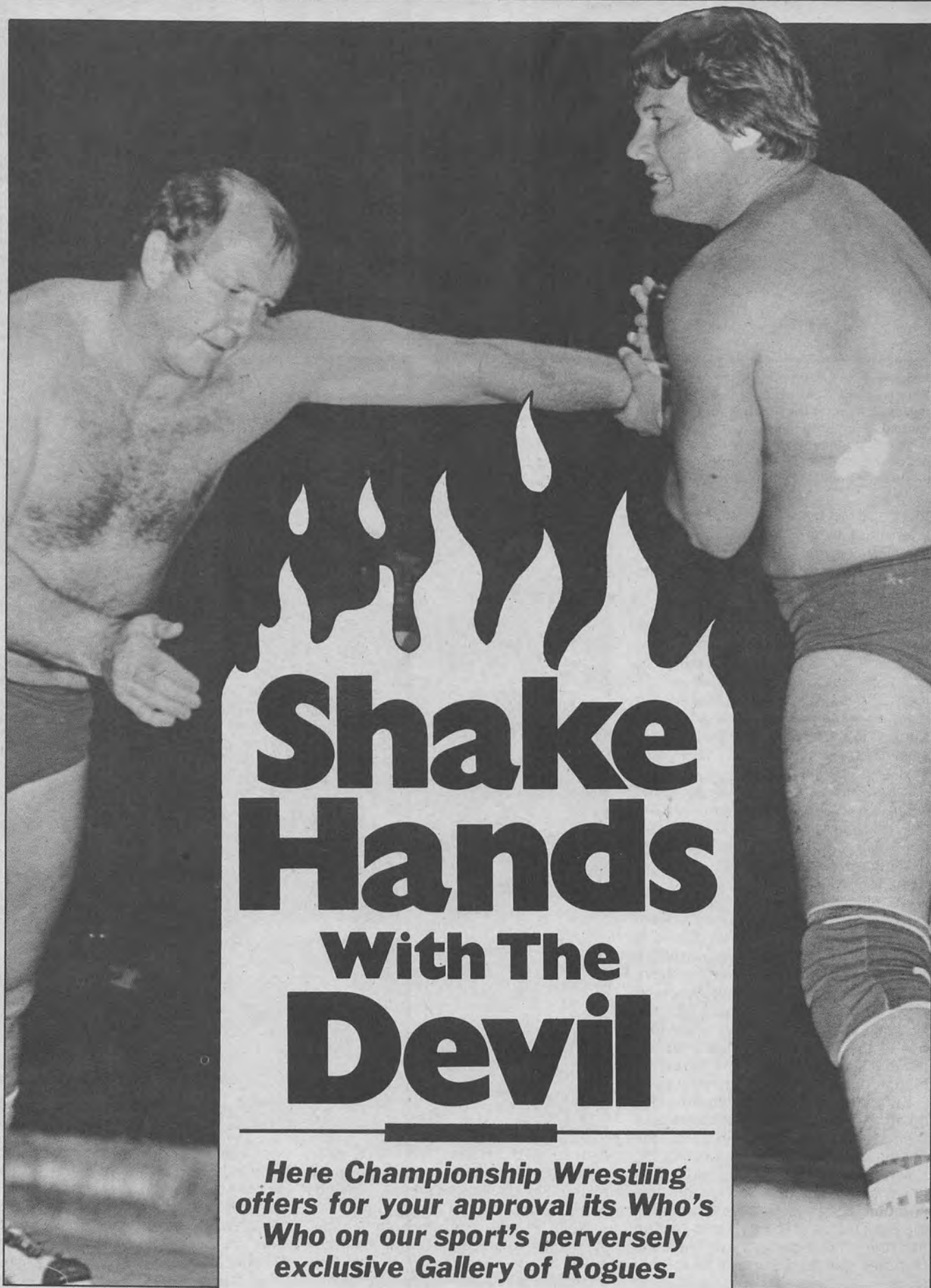


a deep gash. Hogan worked Bundy over with a series of fists to the cut, raking the challenger's eyes, leaving him a bloody pulp at center ring.

While Bundy recovered momentarily, Hogan's onslaught was just too much to overcome, and finally the champion was able to climb to safety,

once again retaining his championship to the deafening roar of the Los Angeles crowd.

Wrestlemania 2 might not have been the "greatest sports spectacular of all-time," but you would be hard-pressed to convince the wrestling fans who saw it live that it wasn't.



***Here Championship Wrestling
offers for your approval its Who's
Who on our sport's perversely
exclusive Gallery of Rogues.***



By Mighty Mike Kimmel

The sport of professional wrestling has achieved epic proportions within the past two years, enjoying greater media visibility than at any other point in its history. Due to a number of new promotional novelties, professional wrestling has reached out and ensnared a new, formerly unaffected legion of diehard followers. Long-time fans and insiders alike, however, feel that the growing emphasis upon flowery "gimmicks" has adversely effected the quality of both the matches and the wrestlers themselves. Primarily an alarming contingent now believes that there are few, if any, capable ring *villains* remaining in the sport who may compare favorably with the most hated men of yesteryear. In response to this widespread sentiment, Championship Wrestling offers for your consideration the following accounts of the 10 most notorious men currently active in professional wrestling.

1. "Dr. D" David Shultz:

While some would question Shultz's inclusion at the top of this list, pointing to the fact that he is not affiliated with any of the three major promotions, the fact remains that the Tennessee native is the only active rulebreaker in the sport that can "do it all." Standing 6'5" tall and weighing in at a prodigious 270 pounds, Shultz can easily match power with anyone in professional



wrestling. Unlike most bigger men, however, "Dr. D" possesses phenomenal speed, balance and agility, and will frequently surprise opponents by leaping off both the second and top ring ropes. Shultz has an outstanding scientific background as well, which he chooses to display, for some reason, only on very rare occasions. It is possible, in fact, that the irrepressible Mr. Shultz will resort to pure scientific grappling techniques only when he feels the need to completely humiliate a popular fan favorite. Shultz will then outwrestle his adversary fair and square, without committing a single foul.

David Shultz is perhaps most feared for his legendary temper, both inside and outside the ring. As a result of this fearsome reputation,



Who's the baddest of them all? Our rogues' gallery starts with Roddy Piper, then come "Dr. D" David Shultz, King Kong Bundy and Randy Savage—crown princes all in The Kingdom of Baaad.

Shultz possesses an immediate psychological advantage over any man who may climb into the ring to oppose him. He feels that he has been blackballed by "the powers that be" in the wrestling world and believes that both the WWF and the AWA are conspiring against him, seeking to permanently bar him from any further competition in professional wrestling. The Doctor has been competing under the promotional banners of a number of different small promotions around the world of late and, unfortunately, has been unable to find suitable competition within the ranks of any of these fledgling organizations. Shultz maintains an open contract to wrestle anyone in the wrestling game at any given time and would especially appreciate one final bout with WWF champ Hulk Hogan. Several times he has publicly offered to battle The Hulkster for free in

Devil

charity contests, with proceeds to go directly to Muscular Dystrophy, the Missing Children's Foundation, or to the U.S.O. and the United States Navy. In short, "Dr. D" David Shultz is the only man in professional wrestling exhibiting no fears or inhibitions whatsoever. The man is willing to do anything, go anywhere, and issue or accept any challenge in the world simply to prove his mettle inside the ring and must therefore be regarded as the single most dangerous competitor in all of professional wrestling.

2. King Kong Bundy:

At 6'5" tall and 468 pounds of unfettered fury, the monstrous King Kong Bundy is certainly one of the most imposing figures in the history of professional wrestling. Despite some fluctuation between "good and evil" during the initial stages of his career, Bundy has recently emerged as the single most dangerous and thoroughly despised rulebreaker in the WWF. This clean shaven man-mountain, more often than not, seems intent on causing permanent injury to opponents through needless repetition of his devastating finishers, the "Big Splash" and the "Avalanche." In recent months, he has incapacitated the WWF's largest and most formidable fan idols, including champion Hulk Hogan, Andre the Giant, Hillbilly Jim, and Uncle Elmer.

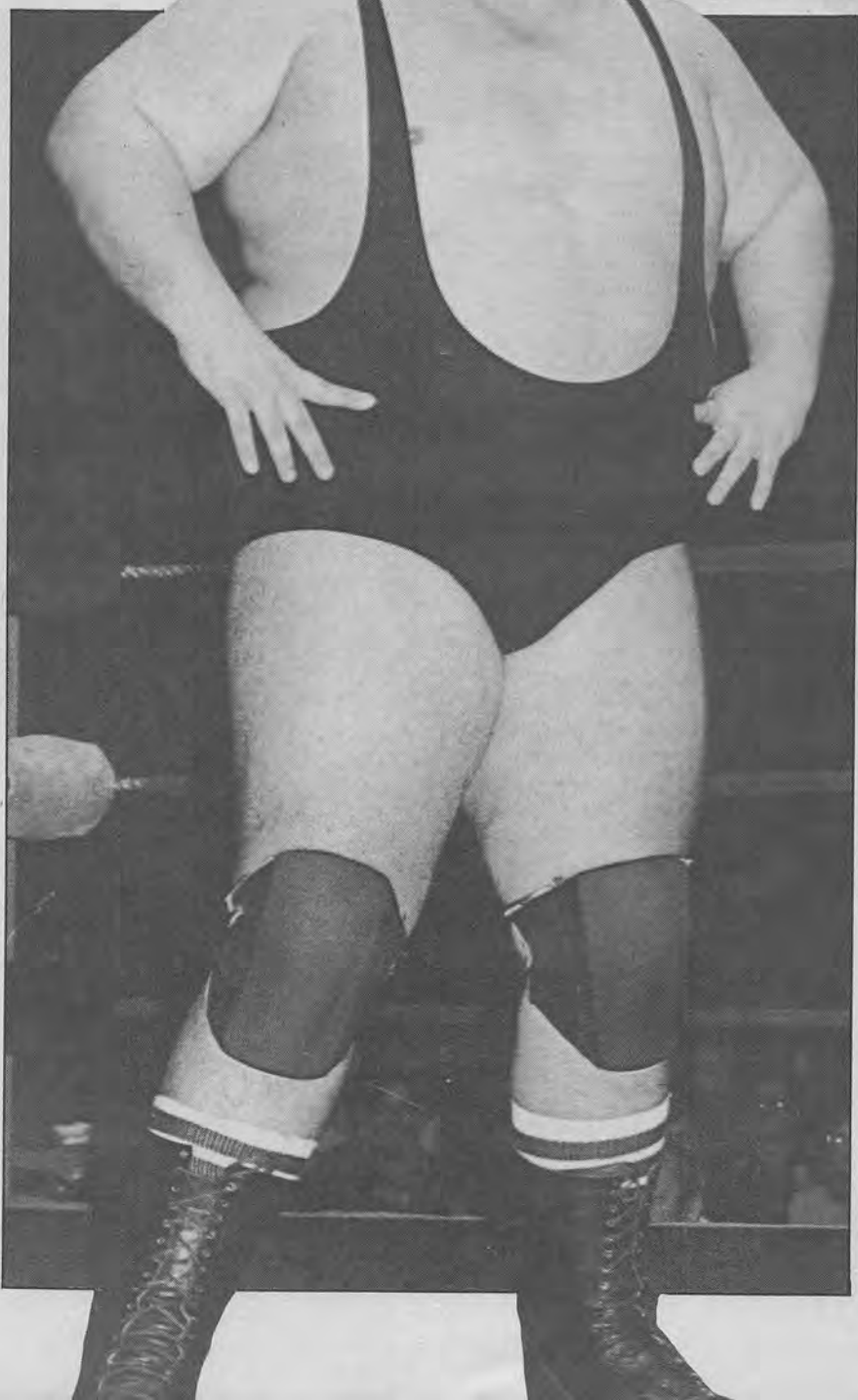
Moreover, Bundy has even been known to verbally abuse and belittle his very own tag team partner, Big John Studd, creating tensions which now threaten to tear this extraordinary duo apart. While some have accused Bundy of being little more than an oversized pawn in manager Bobby Heenan's larger master plan, the Atlantic City powerhouse has proven through his single-minded viciousness and brutality to be one of the most individualistic and menacing men in the sport. The rare combination of his gargantuan size and astounding speed, of course, makes him especially dangerous.

3. Stan "The Lariat" Hansen:

The reigning AWA world champion is as reckless and unpredictable as

they come. Surprisingly, however, he has consistently demonstrated sufficient presence of mind to successfully defend his world title belt against a variety of top ranked challengers throughout the past several months. Hansen is an "all or nothing" type of competitor whose specialty is pure and unadulterated mayhem. He is just as likely to enter the ring armed with a horseshoe, cowbell, or bullrope as he is to be wearing standard wrestling boots, and has little, if any, compunction about using these implements upon unfortunate opponents.

The Borger, Texas wildman has been accused innumerable times of "loading" his elbow pad with illegal foreign objects in order to deliver



his patented "Lariat" clothesline that much more effectively. Standing 6'5" tall and weighing 320 pounds, Hansen has seriously injured very many capable adversaries with this particular maneuver, as well as his feared Boston Crab submission hold. He is best known for breaking Bruno Sammartino's neck in New York's Madison Square Garden some ten years ago.



4. Ox Baker:

Probably the most fearsome looking man walking the face of the earth, let alone the sport of professional wrestling, Baker's appearance alone was enough to earn him an important role in the futuristic Adrienne Barbeau film "Escape From New York" a few short years ago. Ox Baker is a terrifying competitor, possessing a great deal of ring experience and precious little regard for the actual rules governing the game. Standing 6'6" and weighing 310 pounds, the mountainous Baker has steamrolled over some of pro wrestling's finest athletes, employing his dangerous "Heart Punch" finisher to ensure victory time and again. Baker's "Heart Punch" has been responsible for at least two deaths in the ring, giving him one of the ugliest reputations in the entire sports world.

The Missouri native has been

Big K.K. Bundy is in brutal pursuit of the WWF's belt, while Stan Hansen already wears his promo's piece of gold. Ox Baker doesn't have to wrestle: He just looks at opponents. Vicious Russian Bear Ivan Koloff does his bit for posterity by breaking in nephew Nikita to the joys of spilled Yankee blood.

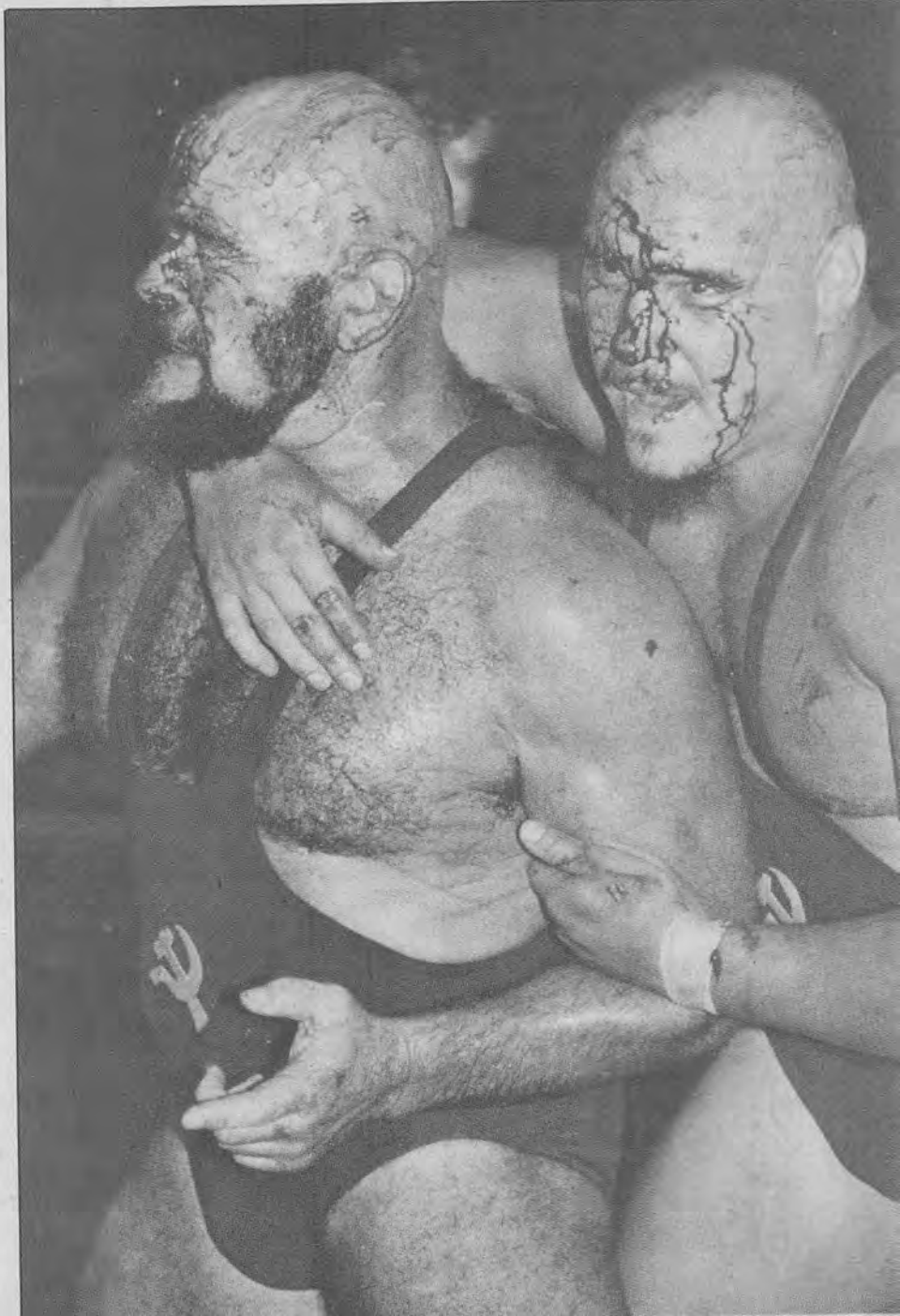
banned in many states across the country and, like David Shultz, believes that the major promotions have blackballed him in order to protect their top-drawing wrestlers from possible humiliation and certain injury.

5. Ivan Koloff:

Koloff first immortalized himself back in 1971 when he defeated Bruno Sammartino for the WWF title, ending the legendary champion's eight year reign. Once noted for his awesome physical strength, Ivan Koloff has slimmed himself down from a massive 280 pounds to a more streamlined 245, acquiring remarkable endurance along the way. He moves about the ring at an incredible pace, seeming never to tire

at all, and boasts an enviable mastery of elaborate rulebreaking strategies and little known scientific grappling procedures.

One of the most knowledgeable and successful veterans in the sport, Koloff has now masterminded a full scale Russian invasion of the NWA. He has introduced his nephew Nikita to the pro ranks and has established himself as the single guiding influence in the career of this colossal youngster, as well as the somewhat more experienced Krusher Khruschev. This Russian triumvirate of evil is currently one of the most powerful competitive factions within the NWA and has become involved in an all-out war against The Road Warriors. Ivan Koloff's vast knowledge and ring experience, coupled with his preeminent position as leader of the NWA's Russian



Devil

Brigade, makes him one of the most powerful and dangerous men on the pro wrestling circuit.

6. Rowdy Roddy Piper:

The flamboyant and controversial Scotsman has received greater media exposure than any other rulebreaker in recent memory through both his televised "Piper's Pit" segment, as well as his epic confrontations with Hulk Hogan, Mr. T and Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka.

Piper is notorious for belittling guests on The Pit, making widespread use of subtle vulgarities and disparaging racial slurs at every available opportunity. Moreover, the Rowdy One is not above launching physical attacks upon his interview

Savage goes for a ride, and His Rowdiness puts headlock on old foe Orndorff. Opposite page finds Jim Garvin striking a gorgeous pose, as Blassie's Sheik walks over the bodies of fallen Americans.



guests and employs the services of Cowboy Bob Orton, a very able wrestler in his own right as well as Hot Rod's full time bodyguard.

Possessing considerably more mouth than muscle, the inimitable Mr. Piper makes up for his apparent shortage of physical skills through his sheer charisma and excellent on-camera presence. Cunning and erratic, the kilted wonder is a well experienced veteran who cares little for rules and is thoroughly unconcerned with the long range consequences of his rash and frenzied actions.

7. Randy Savage:

The reigning WWF Intercontinental champion Randy Savage is an extraordinarily gifted young athlete, boasting more than generous quantities of strength, speed, balance, endurance, and technical proficiency. He is fully as comfortable in the air as on the mat and makes better use of the ring ropes than anyone else in professional wrestling, including Ric Flair and Jimmy Snuka. The Macho

Man's far-famed agility is exceeded only by his all-encompassing arrogance, and he may be best known for his ungentlemanly actions and attitude towards his beauteous manager Elizabeth. Randy Savage's violent and unstable temperament intensifies the overall danger of his many legitimate skills in the ring.

8. Larry Zbyszko:

Still relatively young, Zbyszko is nevertheless one of the cageiest and best experienced wrestlers in the sport. He is always in peak physical condition and sets a pace inside the squared circle that few, if any, of his contemporaries may equal. Zbyszko commands a broad array of scientific skills, many of which he borrowed from the private teachings of Bruno Sammartino. Zbyszko later turned on the "Living Legend," touching off one of the most unsportsmanlike series of matches of the past decade, and continued his maniacal vendetta against Sammartino's son, David. Most recently, the self proclaimed "new Living Legend" has schooled himself in the martial arts of Japan

and has attacked and humiliated his new tag team partner, Nick Bockwinkel, before a nationwide TV audience. He has held the WWF tag team title (with Tony Garea), the NWA National title (which he purchased from Killer Brooks for \$25,000), and the AWA American title.

9. Gorgeous Jimmy Garvin:

Garvin possesses one of the very finest scientific backgrounds in the professional ranks, a fact which is generally overlooked in favor of his colorful ring personality and overbearing arrogance. He has held many regional titles throughout the South and, most recently, teamed with Steve Regal to usurp the AWA tag team honors from The Road Warriors. Garvin is always accompanied by his breathtaking valet, Precious, who provides encouragement from ringside and, when needed, a quick spritz of expensive perfume into the eyes of his unlucky opponents. Although relatively small (6' tall, 228 pounds), Garvin is a very difficult man to beat,

Editor's personal note to you: In explaining the sudden burst of really phenomenal popularity enjoyed by the sport, psychiatrists tell us that wrestling fulfills a need by giving our disillusioned and disgusted society a single Utopian oasis where wrongs are almost always made right: We watch as the battle of Good-versus-Evil rages on... a war as old as the world itself.

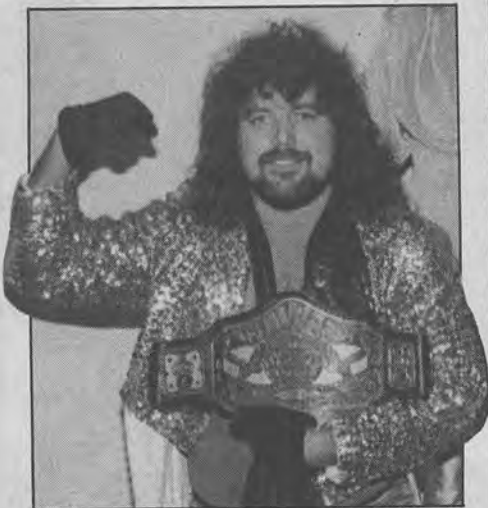
But it is here—unlike any other place on earth—within the squared circle, that Good has a way of always winning.

And this, say the headshrinkers, is

what makes wrestling the most fanatically followed sport ever. However, friend, consider for just a second the awesome attributes associated with all or any one of the above-named men who happen to comprise the royalty of today's elite bad-guy scene.

Can the current crop of so-called clean wrestlers really have what it takes to insure that decency will continue to triumph?

Please tell us what you think. Address your comments to CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING, 1115 Broadway, New York, NY 10010.



thanks to his scientific grappling virtuosity, speed and unerring instincts, as well as the definite psychological advantage afforded him from ringside by the lovely and dangerous Precious.

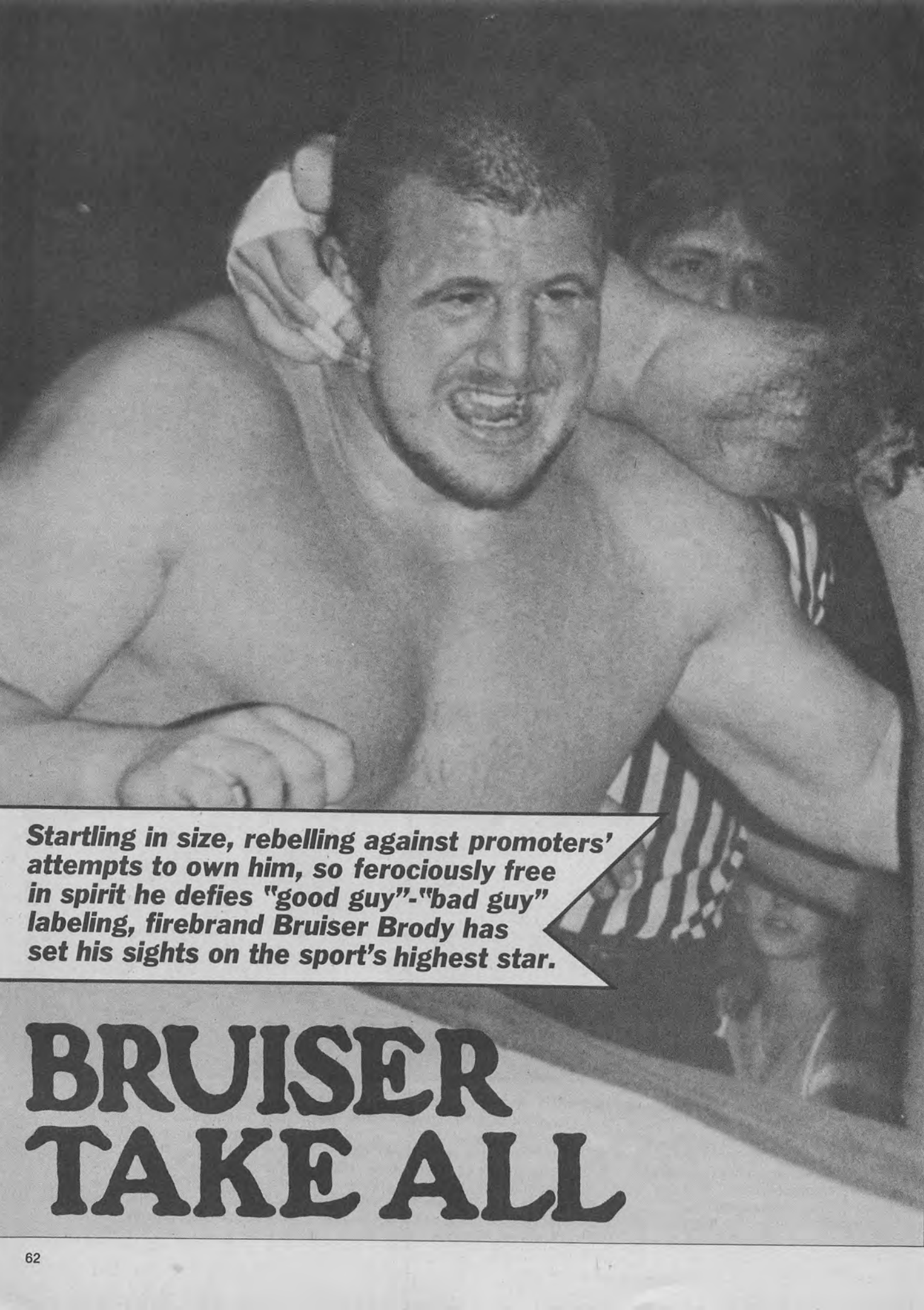
10. The Iron Shiek:

Despite some overexposure within the WWF, Iran's Iron Shiek remains one of the most capable, controversial and thoroughly contemptible villains in the annals of professional wrestling. The former WWF champion and Olympic competitor displays many outstanding scientific talents in the ring, not the least of which is his



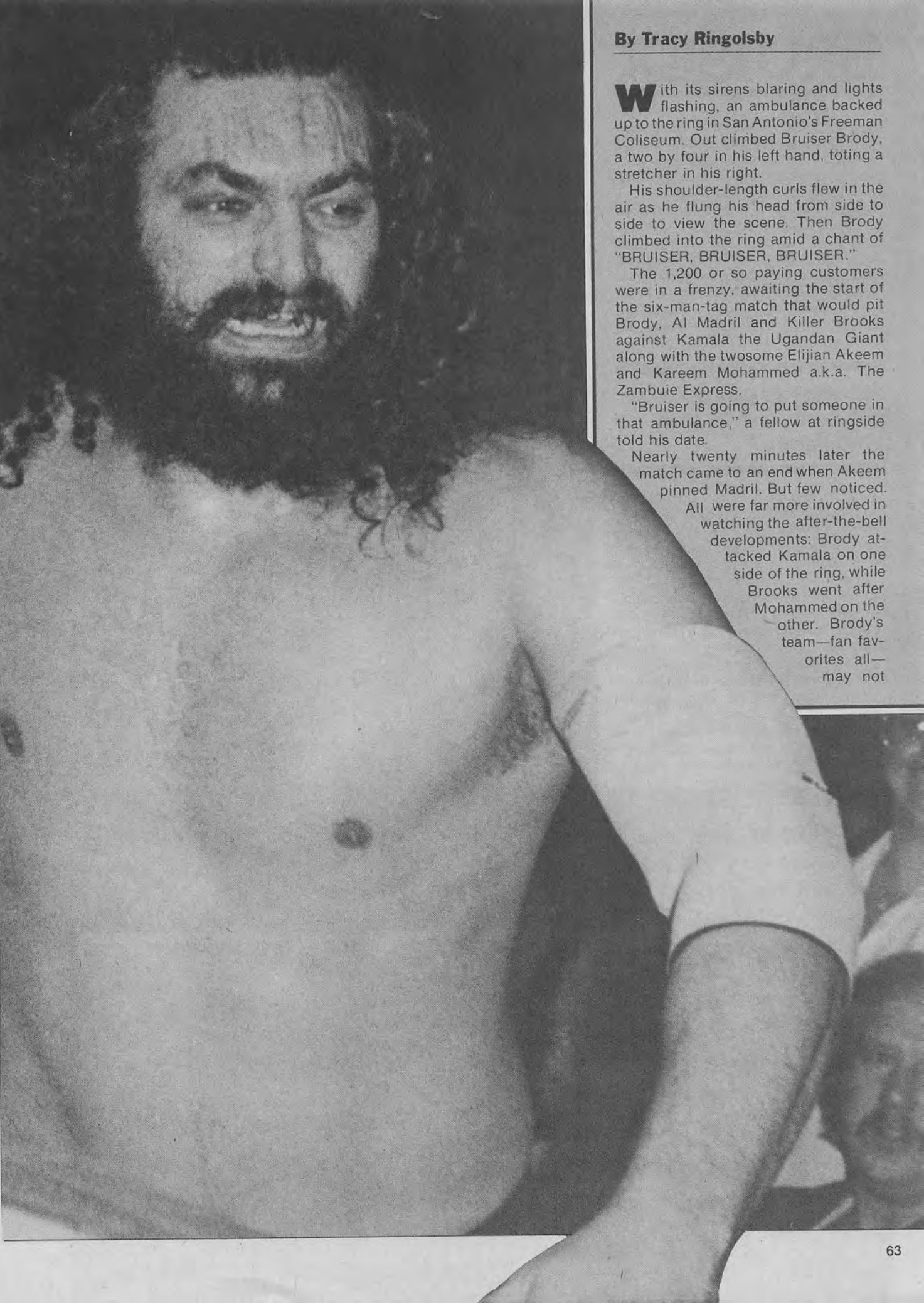
remarkable arsenal of effective suplex techniques. Together with the massive Russian, Nikolai Volkoff, The Iron Shiek forms one of the most unpopular, but devastating tag team combinations in the world and captured the WWF tag team title from Barry Windham and Mike Rotundo at the first gala "Wrestlemania" event

last year. Although he has been widely accused over the years of "loading" his unusually shaped wrestling boots, The Iron Shiek's "Camel Clutch," a legitimate scientific hold, is one of the most feared and inescapable submission maneuvers in professional wrestling.



Startling in size, rebelling against promoters' attempts to own him, so ferociously free in spirit he defies "good guy"-"bad guy" labeling, firebrand Bruiser Brody has set his sights on the sport's highest star.

BRUISER TAKE ALL



By Tracy Ringolsby

With its sirens blaring and lights flashing, an ambulance backed up to the ring in San Antonio's Freeman Coliseum. Out climbed Bruiser Brody, a two by four in his left hand, toting a stretcher in his right.

His shoulder-length curls flew in the air as he flung his head from side to side to view the scene. Then Brody climbed into the ring amid a chant of "BRUISER, BRUISER, BRUISER."

The 1,200 or so paying customers were in a frenzy, awaiting the start of the six-man-tag match that would pit Brody, Al Madril and Killer Brooks against Kamala the Ugandan Giant along with the twosome Elijian Akeem and Kareem Mohammed a.k.a. The Zambuie Express.

"Bruiser is going to put someone in that ambulance," a fellow at ringside told his date.

Nearly twenty minutes later the match came to an end when Akeem pinned Madril. But few noticed.

All were far more involved in watching the after-the-bell developments: Brody attacked Kamala on one side of the ring, while Brooks went after Mohammed on the other. Brody's team—fan favorites all—may not

BRUISER

have won the match and the ambulance did depart empty on that night in Dallas, but Bruiser had given his people what they wanted to see: ACTION! And the spectators went insane.

"We're athletes," Bruiser will tell you when discussing wrestlers, "It's just that there happens to be a higher degree of entertainment in wrestling than some sports. But, really, there's a big emphasis on entertainment in all sports. Look at things like that big chicken—the cheerleaders—all the halftime shows. Who was the greatest

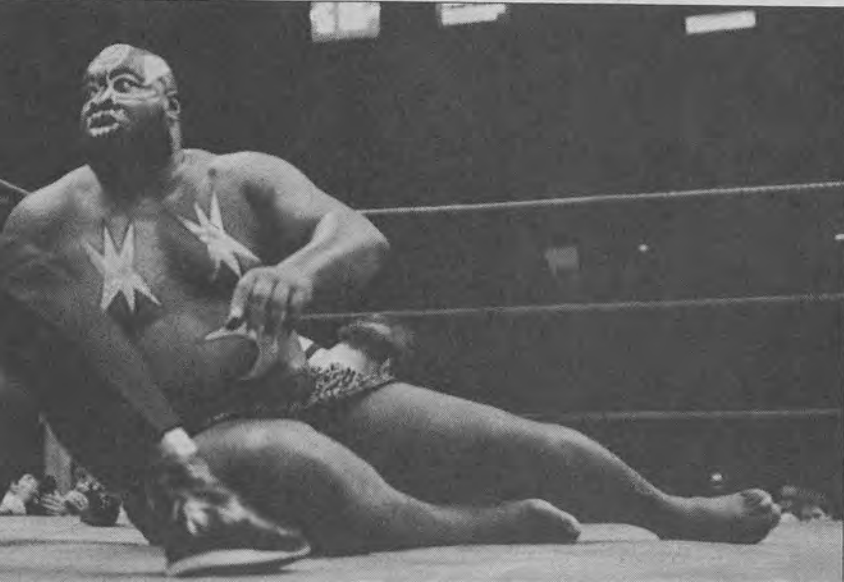
"Bruiser is going to put someone in that ambulance."

of all? Bill Veeck is who. And what do the people remember him for? For having a midget go up to bat. It's not like wrestling invented the idea of entertainment or self-promotion."

And the big Bruiser knows that the bottom line to entertainment is in satisfying the paying customers.

"I don't want to make a bad showing of myself," Brody continued, "I don't want to go somewhere and work with someone who won't try as hard as I do."

"I'm a consumer too. And I look to spend my money where I'll be given the most value for my dollar. I feel like wrestling fans should be given the same respect. I give the fans my full





Bruiser Brody looks to leave his mark on all the very cream of the mat scene. Here he takes the measure of Ivan Volkoff and The Ugandan Giant Kamala.

effort. I demand that the other guy in the ring do the same."

Whether working the Central States circuit or Hawaii for the N.W.A., Texas All-Star, the A.W.A., or any point overseas, Brody gets rave reviews.

He's one of the last of the big-time freelancers, and to survive this roughest jungle he knows he must keep himself and his wrestling in absolutely superlative condition.

Mayve Love is a lady who prefers to spend her Friday evenings working as an usher in the world-famous Dallas Sportatorium, home of the World Class Wrestling Alliance.

Ms. Love considers the evenings she must give up as small payment for all the pleasure she derives from being on hand at these priceless events.

"And when Bruiser steps into that ring," says Mayve, "I feel just as though I've been given a bonus."

"He's my idol. I've been a wrestling fan for more than thirty-five years now, and I know this sport of ours. I'm telling you, Bruiser Brody is the very best. I came across a picture of him in Championship Wrestling Magazine, and I

had a clock made out of it...it cost me thirty-five dollars...and now I wouldn't sell that thing for all the money in the world.

"I'd gladly travel a thousand miles if I had to for nothing more than to catch Brody going to battle against anyone. He's always great. I've never seen anybody whip him fair and square either, except for Fritz (Von Erich), and that was when my idol was little more than a kid. The Bruiser can be clean. Or he can be dirty. But he's always respected."

Bruiser had started out with pro football as his big goal in life. He was a valued member of West Texas State University's highly prestigious team. From there he spent a year with the

"...The Bruiser can be clean. Or he can be dirty. But he's always respected."

Washington Redskin's taxi squad and then the Canadian Football League, where he decided that football wasn't where it was really at for him.

He then returned to Texas where, by day, he wrote sports copy for a suburban Dallas newspaper, while his nights were spent in the company of his former West Texas State U. teammates. It was they who convinced him to give professional wrestling a shot.

The rest, as we like to say, is history.

Brody received his baptism by fire at the hands of not less than Von Erich and Blackjack Mulligan, both of whom put in good words for him with Florida's bigshots.

"That's where I met up with Killer Kowalski," Brody recalls, "I remember being so nervous I could hardly talk and finally blurting out what an honor it was to meet the man who'd been my idol since I was old enough to go to the matches."

It wasn't long before both joined a mutual admiration society as Kowalski became more and more impressed with the young man who'd been his fan and was quickly becoming a respected colleague. Kowalski then prevailed upon Vince McMahon Sr. to give Brody a shot in Madison Square Garden.

Brody stole the show.

"The whole foundation of wrestling is its big guys," Brody opines. "What's better than a small house? A big house. And what's better than a small car? A big car, of course. In football they don't go out looking for little, finesse line-men. They look for the big animals. The bigger, the better. It all comes back to satisfying the paying customer. The people who come to sporting events

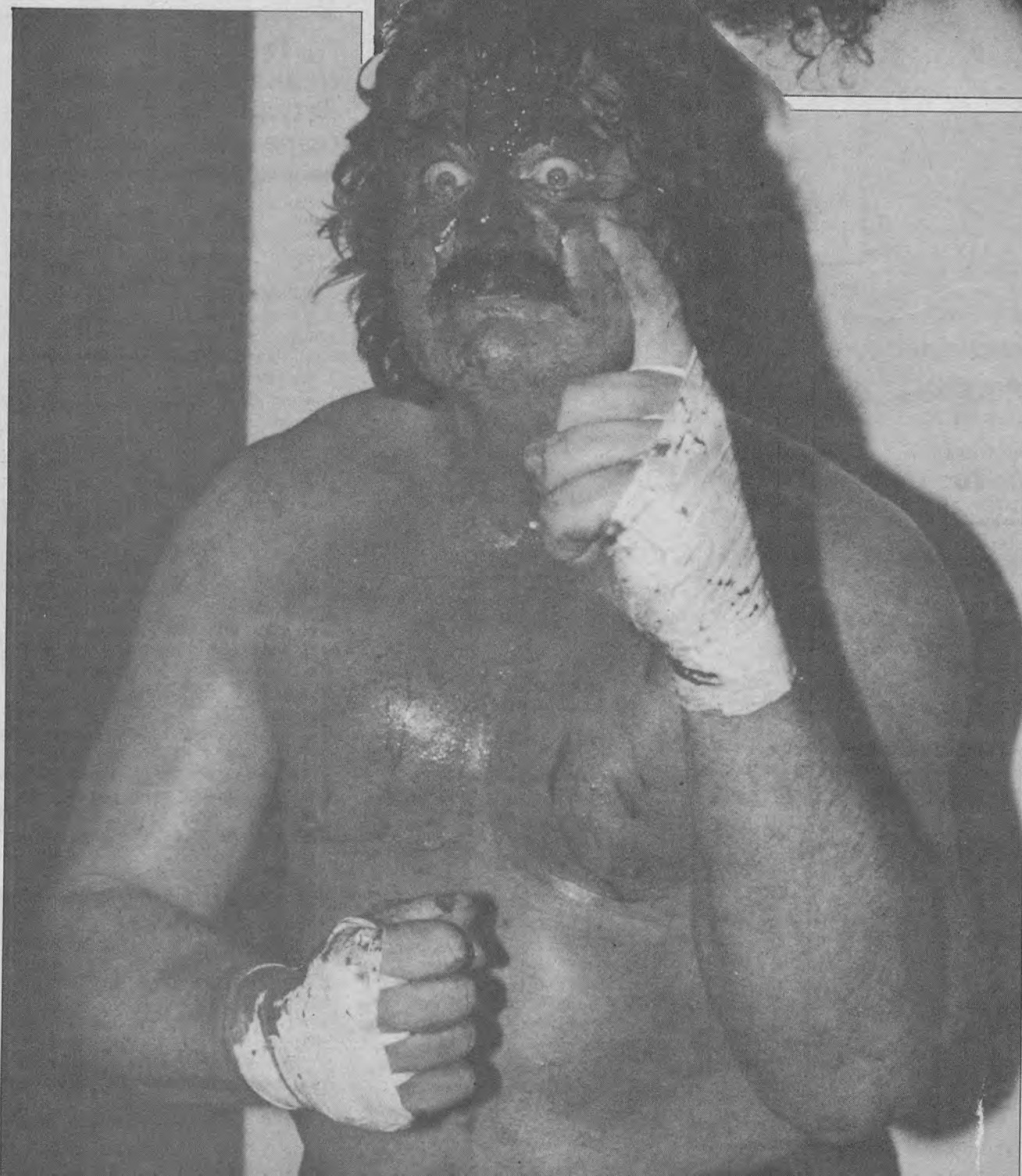
BRUISER

want to see huge hulks. Look at baseball's Darryl Dawkins and Charles Barkley. Those guys aren't just tall. They are tall and big."

Size is a large part of why Brody became #1 in Japan—the wrestling world's true proving ground.

"The Orientals are usually, but not

No punch-drunk mug he, Brody is a thoughtful, complex, thoroughly intelligent soldier of fortune who plies his talents against bad guys and good alike...just so long as they are the best.



always, little people," says Brody. "They have a natural fascination with the big monkey. But, too, because the status quo of wrestling in Japan is superb, along with being big you have to be a state of the art wrestler as well."

On top of Japan, the West Texas State graduate also made his mark in the sport while taking on the best competition that could be found in such far-flung corners of our globe as Australia, South Africa, Singapore, Thailand, Hong Kong, New Guinea, New Zealand, Kuala Lumpur, Puerto Rico, Kuwait, and so on.

"In New Guinea," Brody will inform you, "the people are little more than four feet high. They meet you at the airport with a flatbed truck and take the wrestlers to the town square where everyone gathers around for the weigh-in. The first time I went to New Guinea, I was better than three hundred-thirty pounds. When this was announced, everyone was practically doing cartwheels in the streets. They were awestruck."

And Brody does his best to keep everyone in awe. He lifts weights at least three times a week, does between eight hundred and a thousand free squats, stretches, runs, and still finds time to get in a little handball.

"I believe in training," he staunchly

Brody received his baptism by fire at the hands of no less than Fritz Von Erich and Blackjack Mulligan.

asserts, "I always have, and I started taking care of my body long, long before it was a fad."

Brody knows the wrestling game is undergoing a dramatic change because of cable television.

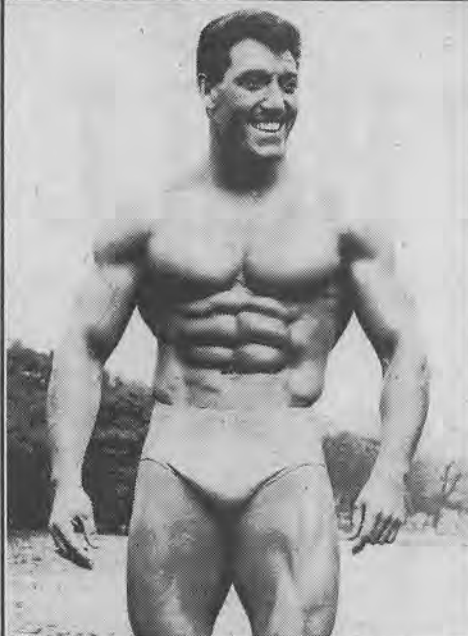
"Cable has put us into a whole new ballpark." Bruiser says, "Used to be Crazy Eddie sold stereos in Times Square only. Now he's shouting his spiel and making his deals all across the country."

"It's the same thing with wrestling. Before, you'd work, say, Texas, and folks living in other states would never know you were alive. Then you'd move to Florida, and they'd be the only ones who'd see you wrestle. Nowadays, everybody gets to see matches from all over the country just by tuning in their TV sets. It's better this way. Progress is the only way to go."

Whether on television or in person, the talents of Bruiser Brody on a card guarantee you a show you'll never forget.

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COMING OF AGE:

SCOTT HALL & CURT

By Mighty Mike Kimmel

Curt Hennig and Scott Hall, the reigning AWA world tag team champions, are two men thoroughly determined to carve out and protect their own unique niche within the rough and tumble sport of professional wrestling. Both of these fine young competitors have displayed outstanding athletic prowess in recent months, as well as the determination and heartfelt desire to defend their prestigious tag team title belts against any and all top contenders throughout the AWA.

Experts will generally agree that the finest tag combinations possible are formed by the teaming of individual athletes whose styles and abilities are either identical to one another or, as with Hennig and Hall, appear to be almost polar opposites. Boasting tactical styles and athletic capabilities which are wildly different from one another, Curt Hennig and Scott Hall are able to confuse and disorient rival tag team combinations. Hall's size and obvious power have thus far served to complement Curt Hennig's agility, scientific expertise and experience extremely well, keeping ring adversaries off balance, off their feet and in position for surprise pinning combinations.

Scott Hall, a relative newcomer to the pro wrestling scene, is certainly one of the largest, most powerful and best developed men in the sport. Standing 6'7" tall and tipping the scales at a hefty 298 pounds, Hall is able to bring prodigious physical power and durability into play for his team and, like Big John Studd in the WWF, has seldom been taken off his feet. Although still somewhat inexperienced inside the squared circle, AWA movers and shakers like Verne Gagne, Stanley Blackburn and Wally Karbo seem to be hailing the big man from Tampa, Florida as the "new Hulk Hogan" and hope that Hall's good looks and imposing physique will generate publicity and box office success comparable to that surrounding the famous WWF titlist.

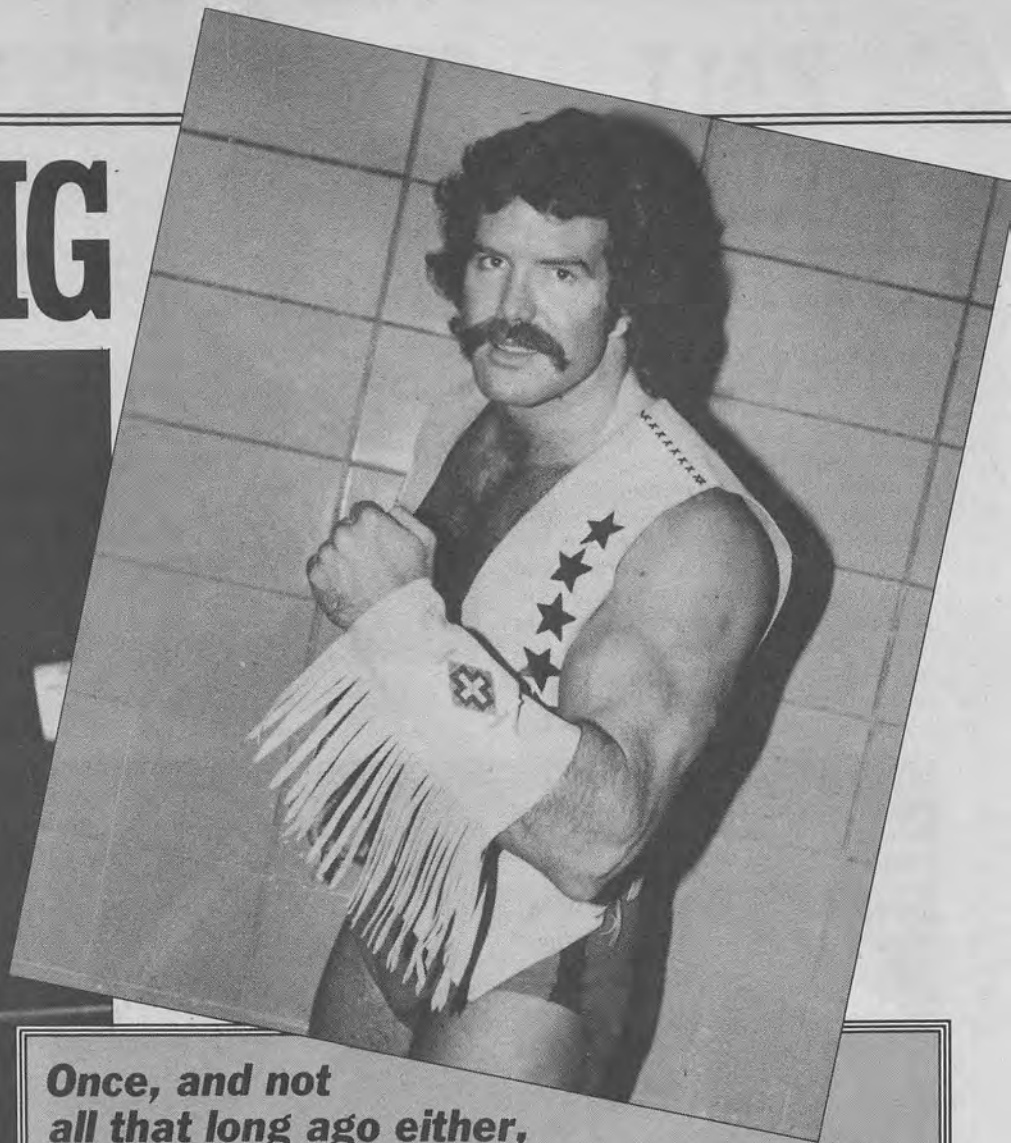
Curt Hennig's speedy scientific maneuvering inside the ring presents a dramatic and effective contrast to the deliberate, bulldozing style of his rookie partner. Hennig's tactical repertoire includes one of the quickest and most devastating flying dropkicks in pro-

fessional wrestling, often delivered from the second ring rope. While his father, the mountainous Larry "The Axe" Hennig, was noted for his head-on, "rock 'em, sock 'em" approach to professional wrestling, young Curt possesses outstanding scientific wrestling knowledge and, with the exception of Brad Rheingans and Nick

Although plagued by an underwhelm of competition, the boys mix it up as often as they can. Hall is caught studying the ring technique of a fellow grappler.



HENNIG



Once, and not all that long ago either, Curt Hennig and Scott Hall were looked upon as a couple of fairly promising rookies. Now, 'way beyond everyone's wildest dreams, that promise has been more than kept as Hall and Hennig combine their considerable, albeit hugely differing, strengths to create a single power machine that...incredibly...has delivered the pair straight to the top of their promotion's tag team ranks.

Bockwinkel, is quite probably the best pure wrestling technician in the AWA.

As a unit, Hennig and Hall appear well suited for tandem competition together, making frequent tags and exhibiting considerably more than their own fair share of intuitive teamwork. Since joining with the remarkably well-developed titan, Scott Hall, Hennig has made dramatic improvements in his own physique, slimming

down his midsection and adding 8 or 10 pounds of rock-hard muscle to his upper body. Similarly, the massive Hall has benefitted tremendously by training and teaming with the more polished and experienced Hennig. Scott Hall now moves around the ring far more swiftly and gracefully as a result of his partner's coaching and has doubtless improved his endurance and tactical expertise along the way, as well.



HALL & HENNIG

Hennig and Hall have had their most impressive showings to date against Gorgeous Jimmy Garvin and Steve Regal (from whom they won the belts) and the brutal brother team of Scott and Wild Bill Irwin (The Long Riders). Garvin and Regal, who experienced tremendous difficulty against The Road Warriors (and required, in fact, outside assistance from Freebird Michael Hayes to acquire Animal and Hawk's tag-team title belts), had remarkably similar problems countering against Scott Hall's ungainly size and power. Conversely, the Irwin brothers, no slouches in the power department themselves, lacked the endurance and



conditioning necessary to keep pace with high-flying Curt Hennig and were thus sent down to defeat by the tag team champions on several different occasions in arenas throughout the country.

Other AWA tag teams which hope to challenge the champions in the near future include Playboy Buddy Rose and Pretty Boy Doug Summers (managed by Sheri Martell, a top female grappling star) and The Midnight Rockers (Marty Jannetty and Sean Michaels). Rose and Summers, while long on experience, are rather short on power, and thus little match for Hall. Moreover, like The Long Riders, this

crafty veteran duo possesses none of the skill, coordination, or conditioning exhibited by Curt Hennig. Jeanetty and Michaels, who are in outstanding physical condition and boast finescientific skills, do not have the size or power needed to put Scott Hall upon his back, nor the ring experience to out-think and outmaneuver Curt Hennig.

This is not to say, of course, that Curt and Scott are invincible...even within the confines of the AWA. Hennig and Hall would surely be unable to retain their prized championship belts if challenged directly by The Road Warriors, who held the AWA tag title up until a few short months ago. Similarly, the

wily Larry Zbyszko and 3-time AWA world champion Nick Bockwinkel would have posed a very real threat to Hennig and Hall's continued title reign if they had remained together. Fortunately for the tag team champions, however, The Road Warriors have chosen to depart from the AWA (in search of Ivan and Nikita Koloff in the NWA), while the partnership of Zbysz-

...two men thoroughly determined to carve out and protect their own unique niche within the rough and tumble sport...

zko and Bockwinkel was rather violently rent asunder from within as a result of Mr. Zbyszko's extremely volatile temper.

There is but one current AWA tag team combination capable of testing Curt Hennig and Scott Hall to their very furthest limits—Shiek Adnan El Kaissey's monstrous twosome of Russia's Boris Zuhov and The Barbarian. Zuhov, a man of tremendous power and conditioning, is one of the premiere competitors in the AWA. He has fared exceedingly well in individual competition against Sgt. Slaughter, Rick Martel and Nick Bockwinkel, and even dealt Brad Rheingans a leg injury that put the Olympic great out of action for several months. The Barbarian, standing 6'8" tall and possessing tremendous physical power, is one of the very few men in the AWA capable of meeting Scott Hall

on his own Herculean terms and matching him for power. Together, Zukhov and The Barbarian form a bone crushing duo that promises to move in only one direction—straight ahead.

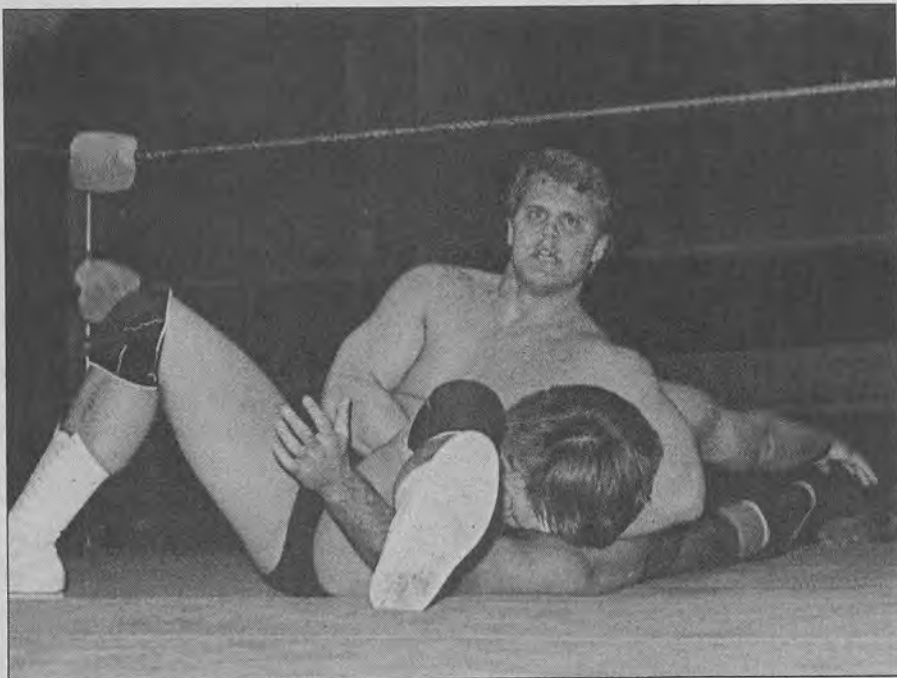
Hennig, for his part, is frequently overcome when pitted against grapplers of Zukhov and The Barbarian's ilk. In the past, he has been thoroughly manhandled by The Road Warriors and AWA champ Stan "The Lariat" Hansen primarily because of his instinctive tendency to stand "toe to toe" with larger, more powerful opponents when at a momentary disadvantage inside the ring. Curt, who stands 6'4" tall and

Standing 6'7" tall and tipping the scales at a hefty 298 pounds, Hall is able to bring prodigious physical power into play...and has seldom been taken off his feet.

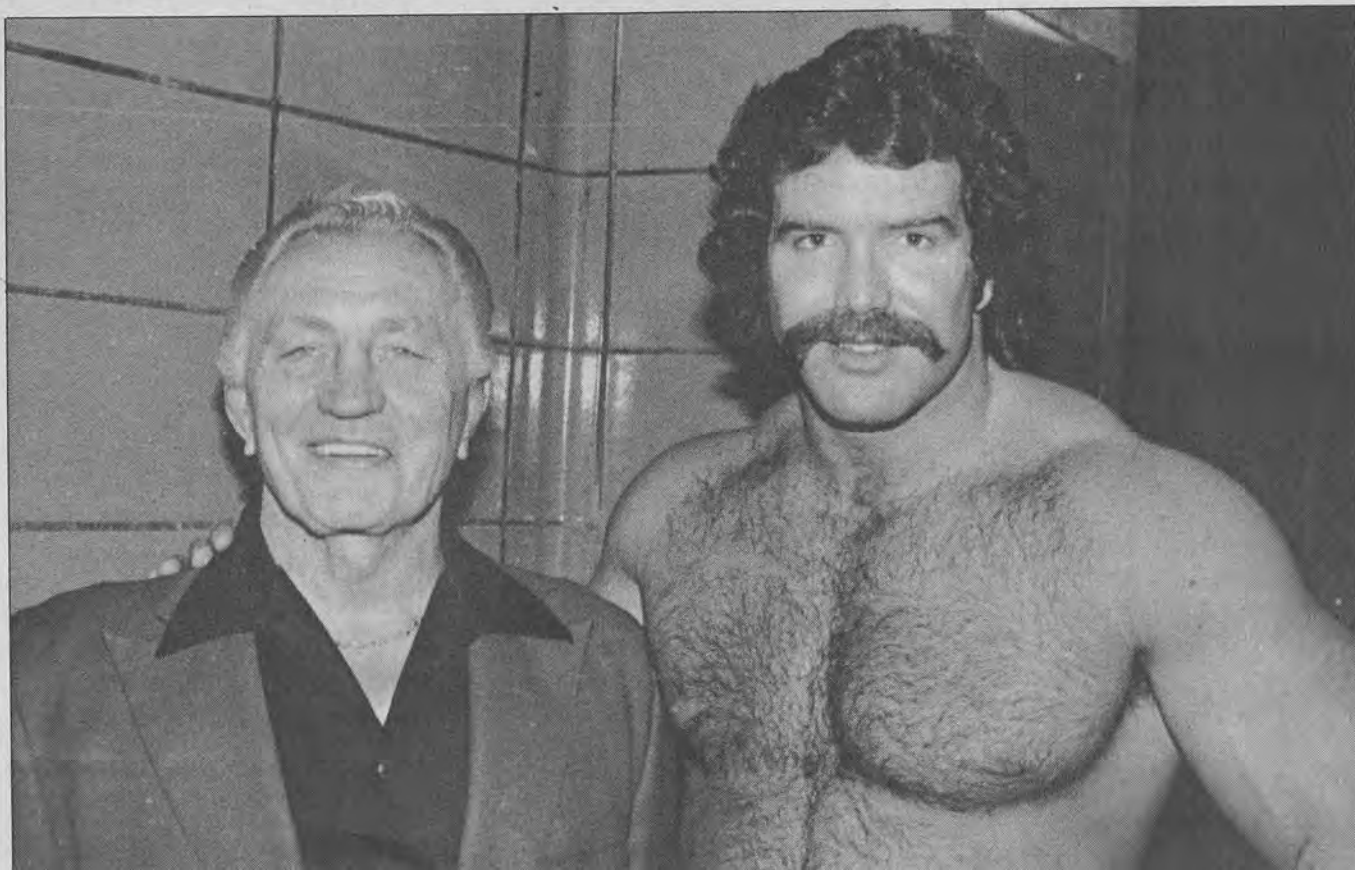
weighs 247 pounds, is by no means a small man. His imposing physical size is immediately apparent by the very fact that he does not appear small when standing alongside his gargantuan tag team partner, Scott Hall.

Curt's unusual difficulties against the larger breed of "barroom brawlers" found within the ranks of professional wrestling may stem from a psychological block which compels him somehow to face such monolithic mastodons on their very own terms. It is extremely difficult, at best, for an athlete of Curt Hennig's size to put aside the double-takes he receives walking the streets by day and convince himself that the natural physical attributes inherited from his bestial father are unimportant when climbing into the ring each night. This is, however, exactly what Hennig must learn to do.

Any difficulties Scott Hall may encounter against the army of Shiek Adnan El Kaissey will stem, no doubt, from the big man's lack of experience and possible unfamiliarity with "the killer instinct." While surely capable of matching power with Zukhov, The Barbarian, or Kaissey's newest charge King Kong Brody (who may soon complicate the AWA tag team scene with his maniacal tactics) inside the weight room, big Scott Hall has yet to demonstrate the capacity for all-out-



This apple fell far from its tree: Unlike his old man, Curt Hennig is a polished technician. Scott Hall is seen taking some tips on the trade from elder statesman, Buddy Rogers.



HALL & HENNIG

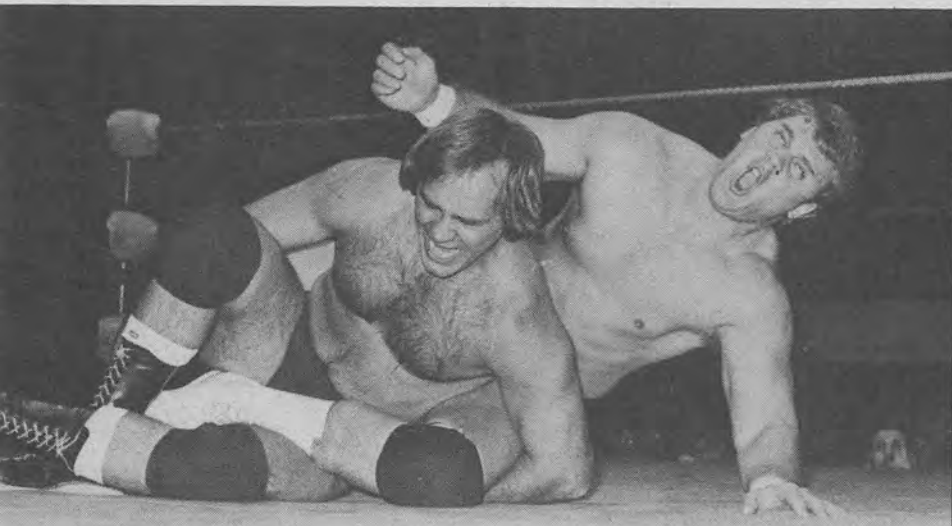
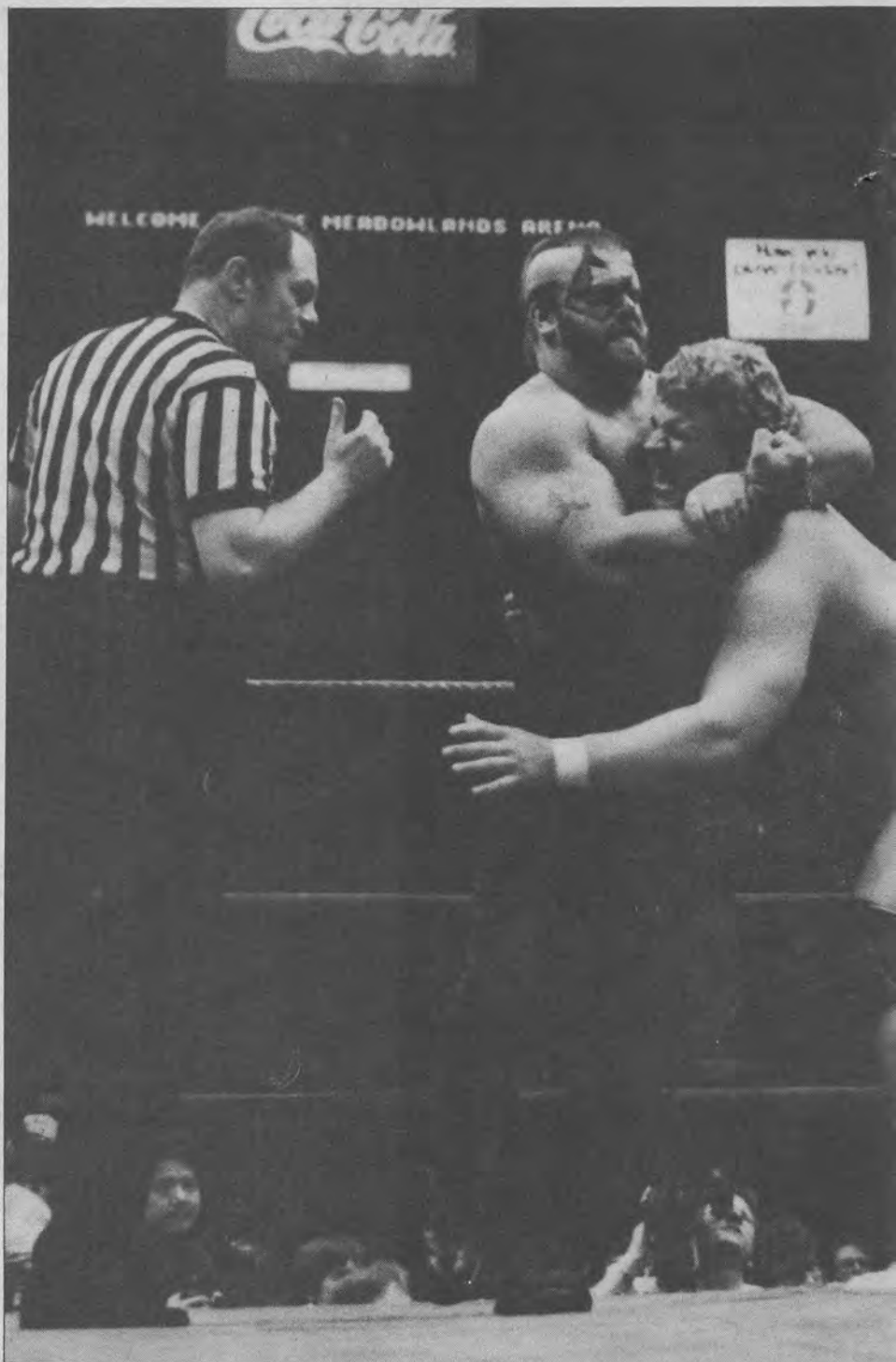
brutal ring warfare which characterizes the appearances of all the Shiek's men. In contrast, Curt Hennig *does* possess this all-or-nothing approach to professional wrestling and probably acquired a good deal of the ice water flowing through his veins as a result of the near fatal injury his previous tag team partner, Tom Zenk, sustained at the hands of Nick Bockwinkel, Larry Zbyszko and Ray "the Crippler" Stevens. Hopefully, Hall will intensify his efforts inside the ring and cultivate a cold, hard competitive edge all his own without the need for a similar mishap.

Hennig's tactical repertoire includes one of the quickest and most devastating dropkicks in professional wrestling.

Hennig and Hall are a fine young tag team combination, gifted with impressive physical credentials and an abundance of intestinal fortitude.

But no tag team tandem is unbeatable and these champions would be well advised to pay heed to the tactical issues outlined above and take steps toward the small, but necessary, modifications indicated.

The American Wrestling Association, at this time, can scarcely be considered a hotbed of any kind of competition. With the proper planning and preparation, then, Curt Hennig and Scott Hall might, with a lot of luck, be able to maintain a hold of sorts on the once respected title... Maybe. •



This is not to say, of course, that Curt and Scott are invincible... even within the confines of the A.W.A.

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Please send the Magazine Loading Air Pistol. I am enclosing \$11.75 plus \$1.25 postage and handling. I have added \$1.50 for an extra 100 pellets in addition to the 100 FREE ones and the free 6 targets.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip Code _____

THE TIME HAS COME TO DEFEND YOURSELF!

**Fight back
against
attackers!**
Don't be a victim!

**No federal
license
or gun
permits
needed!**

**Feel
completely safe!**

**NOW you no longer need to live
in fear of muggers, rapists, burglars!**

That's right! Feel completely safe and secure wherever you go. Yes! In just seconds you can immediately disable any attackers — leaving them rolling on the floor in pain for about 30 minutes. Because now you are armed with the most effective .22 calibre non-lethal tear-gas handguns ever devised. Yet you can buy our guns legally. So why not use it to defend yourself against robbers, muggers and rapists. Imagine what this could mean to you and your loved ones.

Each weapon has a range of 15 to 20 feet. Both guns will fire a sudden burst that will instantly disable any attacker. Each shot sounds so real that the intruder will be easily scared away — and well he should be! But the best part is that you do not need a firearms license to own or carry these personal protective weapons. So now you can walk without fear.

**All solid metal! Dependable products
of master international gunsmiths.**

These chrome finish, high quality guns are beautifully balanced. Our revolver is the famous Vanguard model 8-shot side loading cylinder. Our 7-shot heavy duty frame automatic is clip fed and has a safety lever. The window inside the frame actually counts the shots fired. Both guns respond perfectly to your every movement and are extremely easy to handle. So don't take crime lying down. Fight Back and Win!

Order now!

Both the automatic and revolver can be loaded with either tear-gas cartridges or blanks. As you can see, these handsome guns will easily fit into a pocket, purse or in our own specially designed gun holster. These precision made guns are extremely sturdy yet lightweight. They can literally save your life in time of need. So Act Today!



8-shot
Vanguard
revolver

Your
Choice
only... **\$29.95**
Guns Shipped Promptly



7-shot
automatic

**Deer Creek Products, Inc. Dept. M387
P.O. Box 754 Pompano Beach, FL 33061**

Yes! I want instant protection. I am 18 years or age or over
Please rush me my handgun. I have enclosed my check, cash
or money order. I understand that these guns should not be
used to commit crime or inflict pain upon innocent people.

My card number ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

Mastercard Holders, enter 4 digits below account no

Expiration date Year Month

(all credit card orders must be signed) Signature _____

8-shot Vanguard revolver only \$29.95 \$ _____

7-shot automatic only \$29.95 \$ _____

10 tear-gas cartridges only \$8.95 \$ _____

22 cal. blanks (100 in box) only \$10.95 \$ _____

Holster only \$9.95 \$ _____

I enclose \$2.95 for shipping & handling. Total Order \$ _____

Name _____ Sorry, no C.O.D.

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED
OR WE WILL
REFUND
YOUR MONEY**

Just return your gun. No
questions asked. We will re-
fund every cent you have
paid in. Both guns are un-
conditionally guaranteed for
a full 5 years as long as you
clean and lubricate your
guns regularly. What could
be fairer?

Nikita Koloff & Road Warrior Hawk



**The
Iron Sheik
& Mike
Rotundo**

